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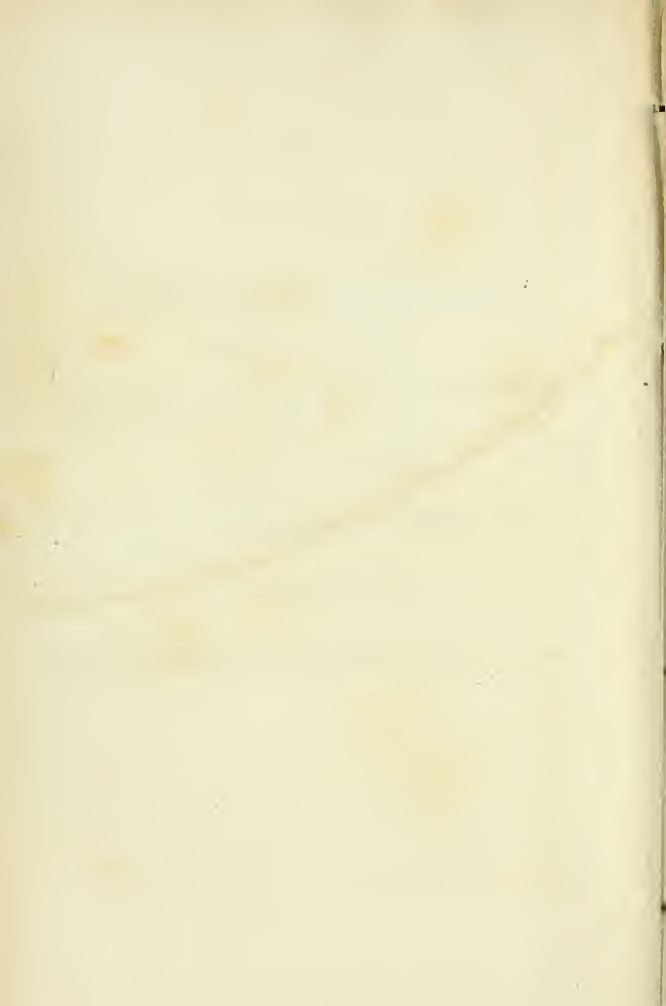
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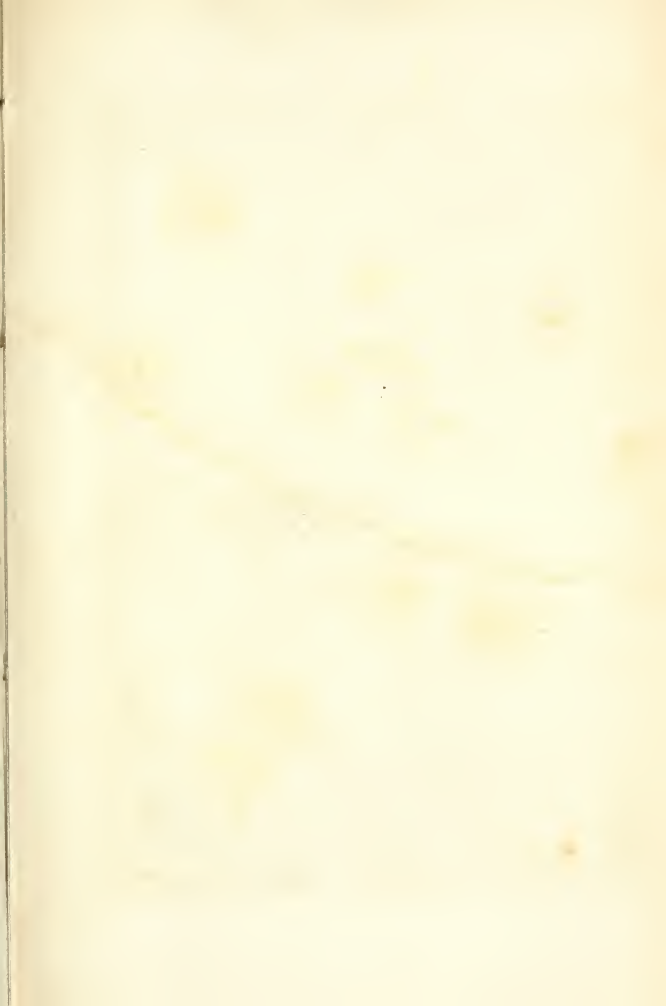
XXIII. & XXIV.

UNCLE PHILIP'S

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE CHILDREN ABOUT

NEW-YORK.





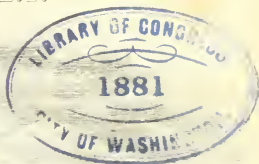


(UNCLE PHILLIP'S)
(Conversations)

WITH YOUNG PERSONS

HISTORY OF NEW YORK

VOLUME I.



NEW YORK

LEWIS & CLARK, 22 NASSAU ST.

Page 1 of 1

HISTORY
OF THE
UNITED STATES:
N^o. II.

OR,
UNCLE PHILIP'S
CONVERSATIONS WITH THE CHILDREN ABOUT

NEW-YORK.

Frederick Lister

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS,

I SEND you now some farther conversations which I have had with the children about the history of our own country; and when you print these, I hope that all the little boys and girls in America will be as much pleased with them as the young companions of your old uncle seemed to be while we were talking. We have this time been talking about the History of our own state, New-York; and I suppose that my young friends were pleased, because we were speaking of many things that occurred upon the very same soil upon which we now walk. At any rate, they seemed happy, and I was contented to amuse and instruct them. I am very glad that they are all so much pleased with the study of history, for it will be a useful pleasure to them. You know, too, that no man is well educated unless he has studied the history of the world, and particularly the history of his own country. So I am delighted that the children are all determined, in this particular, to be well educated.

You may tell all the little readers of our conversations that a great many other children now come to see me, and that some of my visitors are larger boys than those who used to come; and you must tell the little fellow who sent you the letter begging that I would talk about the Whale Fishery, that I have done so, and that you will soon hear from me again; and perhaps I may send you some of those conversations. Farewell, from your

UNCLE PHILIP.

Newtown, January 30, 1835.

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I.—B



HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.

CONVERSATION I.

Uncle Philip tells the Children about Henry Hudson—His Discovery of New-York—His Return to England—Afterward how he perished in a small boat at sea.

“How are you, children? Sit down, all of you, and make yourselves comfortable—then we will talk more of history. I suppose you all know the name of the state in which we live?”

“Oh yes, Uncle Philip, and now you will tell us something of New-York. I am glad you are going to talk of that state.”

“I am glad also, my young friends, if it pleases you; so we will begin. The first thing that I will do will be to put you in mind of something that I have told you before; I mean of the patent of King James the First for settling the two plantations. You know they were to be between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude—the southern plantation to be managed

by the London Company, and the northern one by the Plymouth Company. And you will remember, also, that the southern plantation was permanently settled in the year 1607."

"Yes, Uncle Philip; and you are now going to tell us how the Plymouth Company settled New-York."

"Not so fast, not so fast—tell me if you ever heard of such a man as Henry Hudson?"

"Oh yes, sir; and I was talking with Thomas Wilkins about him this morning, as we walked here together; and I could not make him believe what I told him about this man: and I am glad you mentioned his name, for you can tell him what I did, and then he will know that it is true."

"Well, tell me what you said about him."

"I told him that the Dutch people settled the state of New-York, and he said he knew that."

"Well—what then?"

"Then I told him that Henry Hudson was the man who first came here from Europe, and that he was a Dutchman. But Thomas said that this was not so, for Hudson was an Englishman. And now, Uncle Philip, you will tell him how it is."

"Tell me first how you found out that Hudson was a Dutchman."

"Why, Uncle Philip, my father has often told me that the Dutch settled this state."

"Yes; and then you thought that as Henry Hudson was the first man who came here from Europe, that he must have been a Dutchman. But you are wrong, and Thomas is right; for Henry Hudson was an Englishman."

"Well, then, sir, I am wrong after all—and I never was more sure of any thing in my life."

"It is best, you see, children, never to be too positive; for you may sometimes feel very certain that you are right, when others are quite sure that you are wrong. But I must tell you that some people think that he was a Dutchman, and that his name was Hendrick Hutson, instead of Henry Hudson; but I am sure, myself, that he was an Englishman. We knew very little about him, however, until the year 1607. Just before this time, the people of England began to think of making a northern passage to the East Indies. Vessels sailing from that country before this time used always to sail round the Cape of Good Hope to reach the East Indies; but the people, as I said,

thought that the voyage might be made in a much shorter time, by sailing directly north. So, in 1607, a company of gentlemen in London fitted out a ship for this purpose, and gave the command to Hudson. He went as far as eighty-two degrees north latitude, and was then stopped by the ice from going any farther. So, after discovering Spitzbergen and some parts of Greenland that were before unknown to Europeans, he returned to England. In 1608, Hudson made another voyage for the same purpose, and was again unsuccessful. The company in London was then unwilling to employ Hudson any longer, so he left his own country, went to Holland, and there entered the service of the Dutch East India Company, as it was called."

"Why was it called by that name, Uncle Philip? Were they trying to do the same thing that the English were thinking of?"

"Yes, exactly. So this Dutch company fitted out a small ship, called the *Half-Moon*, and gave the command to Hudson. He left Amsterdam on the 4th of April, 1609, and sailed again for the northern passage to the East Indies. He was again stopped by ice."

“Well, Uncle Philip, he was unfortunate—this was his third voyage.”

“Yes, that is true; but I do not know that we ought to be sorry; for if he had found that passage, perhaps we should never have heard of him in this country. For when the ice stopped him this time, he determined to visit America, hoping that he might make some discoveries there which would repay him for all his troubles and disappointments. He arrived at the Banks of Newfoundland early in July, touched at Cape Cod, and after sailing along the coast as far south as Virginia, and suffering severe storms, he turned about to sail towards the north again. On the 2d of September he first saw the Highlands of Neversink, passed Sandy Hook on the 3d, and anchored just inside of the bay. On the next day, Hudson saw a great many fish in the water, and sent some of his men on shore with their nets, and the first spot that they landed upon was Coney Island. Look on the map, children, and you will see all these places.”

“Oh, yes, Uncle Philip; there is Sandy Hook.”

“Very good. That spot was first called Colman’s Point, because Hudson buried one of

his men, named John Colman there, whom the Indians killed. And now do you see Coney Island?"

"Yes, sir—there it is, opposite King's county, on Long Island."

"True; and that island is now a part of King's county. Well, Hudson's men went ashore here and caught some fish, and saw some of the Indians who lived there—they were all dressed in deer-skins, some with long feathers in their heads, and a great many copper trinkets hanging round their necks."

"Did these Indians treat them kindly, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes; they treated them very kindly, for they brought them presents of tobacco and fruit, such as currants, and grapes, and pumpkins, and other things that they raised in the country. —But they looked as though they were ready for fighting, for they stood on the shores with their bows and arrows; and their arrows had little sharp stones at the end, fastened on with pitch."

"What were these sharp stones put there for, Uncle Philip?"

"To make their arrows sharp at the end—they had no iron to make iron points. How

ever, they were very peaceable—Hudson stayed about here for a week, and then sailed through the Narrows towards Manhattan Island. And now I will tell you a story that I have heard about the Indians when they first saw his ship coming in the water.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; tell us the story, if you please.”

“Well, my lads, listen. Some of the Indians were out in their boats fishing when this ship first came in sight. They had never before seen so strange a thing moving upon the water. They hurried ashore, called their neighbours together, and they all flocked down upon the shore to see what it could be. Some thought that it was a large fish or animal, others said that it was a large house floating upon the sea. When they saw it coming towards the land, they sent messengers to tell all the scattered chiefs in the country, that they might come down with their warriors. When the chiefs and warriors came down, and saw it moving towards the land, they said that it was a large house in which the *Great Spirit* was coming to visit them. They began to prepare to receive him. When it came nearer, some said that it was a large house of many colours, full of living people .

One they said was dressed in red, and he must be the Great Spirit. Presently, when the ship came nearer, the Indians were spoken to in a language that they did not understand, and they answered by a loud yell. The ship anchored near the shore, and a small boat came to the land. This man, dressed in red, jumped on the shore, and leaving two of his men to guard the boat, came into the middle of a circle that was made by the chiefs. A large bottle was brought by one of the servants of the Great Spirit, and he poured something into a glass, and the man dressed in red drank it—then he poured out more, and handed it to one of the chiefs; but he smelt it, and then passed it to the next; and he would not drink it, but gave it to the chief who stood next to him; and so it went all round the circle unemptied. At last, one of the old chiefs took it and said that he would drink it, for it was not right, he said, to insult the Great Spirit. So he said he would drink it if it killed him. He then took the glass, smelt it again, and after bidding them all farewell, he drank it. All the Indians began to look at this chief—after a short time he staggered, and then fell down and rolled in the dirt. The women all screamed, for they thought that he was dying.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, I do not wonder that they were frightened—what was the matter with the man?”

“He was intoxicated, for the white men had given him rum to drink.”

“Uncle Philip, that was not right.”

“No, children: it was very wicked. In a little time this drunken Indian went to sleep, and they were all sure then that he was dead—by-and-by he waked up, said that he felt very happy and comfortable; and then all the rest of the Indians got drunk. While they were all drunk, the white men went back to the vessel, and brought beads, and axes, and hoes, and stockings for the Indians. They soon became very familiar, and talked by signs, for you know they could not understand one another’s language. The white men then said that they must leave them, but that they would return next year to see them, and would bring them presents. They said, when they came back they should want a little piece of land to sow seed in for their support.”

“But, Uncle Philip, why did they make these poor Indians drunk?”

“To make them afraid of them. Some people say that this story about the white men

making the Indians drunk is not true, but I believe that it is."

"And, Uncle Philip, only think of their supposing that a man dressed in red was their Great Spirit!"

"Yes, it is sad, my dear children, to think that they were so ignorant about the God who made them; but the poor Indians ought to be pitied and not blamed. But now let us talk more about Henry Hudson. After passing Manhattan Island, he sailed directly up what the people in New-York call the North river. Look on the map, and you will see another name for it."

"O, Uncle Philip, that is Hudson river, called after this very man, Henry Hudson."

"That is right. Hudson sailed up this river in his ship, the Half-Moon, as far as the city of Albany, and there he stopped—but he sent his boat ten miles higher up, so that she got as far as the town of Waterford. Do you see the places?"

"Yes, sir; there they both are on the river."

"He had a great many friendly visits from the Indians up on the river. When he came down the river again towards Manhattan, he found a number of Indians collected at the head of

that island, who shot at his ship with their bows and arrows. But when Hudson fired his canons and muskets, they were all frightened and ran away;—two or three of the savages were killed, and this I believe was the only difficulty that Hudson had with the Indians. After staying in the country about a month, he started to go home. But his men would not let him go to Holland where his vessel belonged, but forced him to go to England.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, he went nowhere but up Hudson river.”

“Nowhere else. He did not even send a boat into what is called the East river, and the reason given for that by some people was this. They say that Hudson was still looking for that northern passage to the East Indies, and therefore he knew that there was no necessity for his sailing east.”

“But I thought, sir, that he had given up all hopes of finding that passage?”

“Some say so, and some say not—for they say that Henry Hudson had a chart given him long before this by our old friend Captain John Smith, of all his discoveries in America; and that Smith and Hudson both thought that the

East India passage was to be made by going to America, and then sailing north."

"Uncle Philip, do you believe that?"

"No, my children; and I will tell you why. In the first place, I do not think that either Smith or Hudson ever could have supposed such a thing; and in the next place, if Hudson had thought so, I think he would have sailed straight to America when he first left Holland."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I think so too."

"And now let me tell you, the end of his voyage. When he reached England, and King James heard of his discoveries, he said that Hudson should not sail again in the employment of the Dutch; and so he was kept at home; and his ship, the Half-Moon, was sent to Amsterdam. Hudson sent his journal that he had kept during the voyage over to the company, with an account of his discoveries, that they might know what he had been about; and that finished his business with the Dutch East India Company. And now that we are at the end of this voyage, I will tell you another thing. Some people say that this country was discovered long before Hudson saw it."

“Why, Uncle Philip, how is that?”

“In the year 1775, there was a survey of land in Albany county, New-York. The surveyors were told to notice particularly the old marked trees. Some of the trees they cut down, and among these was a pitch-pine-tree of about two feet diameter.”

“What do you mean by diameter, sir?”

“Two feet thick through the trunk of the tree. Well, in cutting down this tree, after they had cut into it some distance, they found marks and scars upon it like those made by a hatchet. They counted the streaks in the tree over these hatchet marks, and found they were 185; and as each streak counted one year, they said that these hatchet marks were made 185 years before. Do you understand this?”

“Oh yes, sir; you told us when we talked about trees that one of those streaks was the same as one year.”

“Yes, it is said to be so, and I believe it is true. So 185 years back from 1775 makes 1590, the year when those hatchet marks were made. You know too, boys, that a hatchet mark could not be made without a hatchet; and you know, also, that the Indians had no

hatchets until they got them from the white people."

"To be sure, Uncle Philip, and so the Indians must have known the white people in the year 1590. That is what you mean."

"Yes, and that was nineteen years before they knew Hudson."

"Then, Uncle Philip, that is very good proof against Hudson's being the first discoverer of New-York."

"Stop a little, my lads, we must look into this; and, as I think that Henry Hudson was the first white man who went into the state of New-York, I do not think that it is right for others to have the credit of his labours. What would you say if I should tell you that a French vessel went to Canada somewhere about the year 1540?"

"And the men from this vessel went into New-York, I suppose?"

"No, there is no evidence of that fact; but I will tell you what we do know. We are quite certain that the Indians used to trade in Canada with these Frenchmen; and so I think that they got their first hatchets from Canada. Don't you think that this is a reasonable supposition?"

“Yes, Uncle Philip.”

“These hatchet marks then prove that the Indians had hatchets as early as the year 1590, and that is all that they do prove. There is no proof that any white man ever went into their country before Henry Hudson did.”

“Uncle Philip, that is all clear, and Henry Hudson must have been the man.”

“I think so; and though Hudson, after his return to England, has nothing more to do with our history, perhaps you are well enough pleased with him to be anxious to know what became of the man.”

“Yes, sir, I should like to hear all about Henry Hudson.”

“When King James forbid his entering the Dutch service again, he was immediately employed by the company of gentlemen in London who had first patronised him. In 1610 he was again fitted out by them, and sent upon another northern voyage. In this voyage he discovered the large bay to the north which bears his name.”

“You mean Hudson’s Bay, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes. He drew his ship up into a small creek, and it was frozen up during the winter. His provisions were nearly gone, and he with

all his crew must have perished for the want of food, if it had not been for the uncommon flights of wild birds in that part of the world. Hudson and his men managed to get something to eat by shooting these birds. When the spring opened, he tried to make further discoveries, but the want of provision forced him to start homeward. When Hudson saw all his crew suffering for the want of food, with tears in his eyes he divided all the bread that was left equally among them. Some of his men behaved so badly that Hudson threatened to punish them, and this made them angry. So some of the strongest of these men entered his cabin in the night, tied his arms behind him, and set him adrift in a shallop at the west end of the straits that lead into the bay. They put in the boat with him his son John, and seven others, sick men who belonged to the crew. And this was the last that was ever known of poor Hudson."

"And what became of those cruel men in the ship?"

"They had a hard time, my children. They soon went on shore, and their ringleader, whose name was Henry Green, was shot through the heart, and several others were badly wounded.

They then sailed for England; but as their provisions grew scanty, they were on short allowance all the way; they were forced to live on sea-weeds and the skins of fowls that they had before eaten. Many of them died, and the rest were so weak that one only could stand by the helm and steer the vessel. Indeed, it is said, that if they had not fortunately met with a fisherman and received his aid, they would never have reached England. But they did get home, and reported themselves to Sir Thomas Smith, who was one of the London company; and he was surprised to see them, for they had been gone about one year and a half, and the company had supposed that they were lost."

"Uncle Philip, were they not punished for their bad conduct?"

"I do not know; but the company thought very highly of Hudson, and sent out a ship early in the next year to make a search for him, hoping that he might possibly have drifted ashore and been saved. But so far from finding him, they did not even hear one word about the poor man."

CONVERSATION II.

Uncle Philip tells the Children how the Dutch bought land of the Indians—Explains to them the use of Money—Talks of the “Licensed Trading West India Company”—Of Adrian Blok and Hendrick Christiaanse—Tells of the first two Forts that the Dutch built in New-York.

“UNCLE PHILIP, what did the Dutch East India Company think of Hudson’s voyage? For as they employed him, I should like to know their opinion.”

“Why, of course, my children, they were disappointed in his not finding the northern passage to the East Indies, but then they felt satisfied that his voyage had not been a useless one, and that Hudson was not to be blamed for his failure. And as it turned out, the voyage was a very profitable one.”

“I should have thought, Uncle Philip, that they would have been better pleased than if he had gone to the East Indies.”

“Why should you have thought so?”

“I do not know, sir, but really I should have thought so.”

“Ah, my lad, you must never talk in that manner, for that shows that you are not thinking at all.—Every child, as well as every man, ought to think before he speaks, and then when he tells me that he thinks in any particular way, I shall always know that he has a reason for thinking so. And now I will tell you what I think.

“The East India trade was, at the time when Hudson was looking for that northern passage, very profitable to the Dutch, even when they made a long voyage round the Cape of Good Hope; and of course it would have been more so still if their voyages could have been made in a shorter time.”

“Uncle Philip, that is all clear.”

“Well. I do not pretend to say which voyage would have been most profitable to the Dutch Company, but I know one thing, and that is, that the voyage to New-York was a very good one, and I will tell you why it was so. Before Hudson’s discovery, the Dutch people used to trade with the nations in the north of Europe for all the furs that they wanted. These furs cost them a great deal of money, for you know they are articles of luxury and comfort.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; and now you are going

to tell us how they got these furs cheaper in New-York."

"Right, my children, that is what I was going to say,—and I will tell you why they were so much cheaper there. The Indians did not know the use of money, so that the Dutch, instead of paying gold and silver to them for furs, paid them guns, and pipes, and brass trinkets, and copper ornaments."

"Well, Uncle Philip, do you think that this was fair and honest?"

"Why not?"

"It seems to me, sir, to be cheating."

"Well, I do not think so. Suppose you lived in a country where there was no gold and silver money, and where of course the use of it was not known?"

"Well, Uncle Philip."

"And then suppose some man was to come into that country, and offer you gold and silver money for a piece of land that he wanted. Would you take the money and let him have the land?"

"No, Uncle Philip, because the money would be of no use to me."

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, I could buy nothing with it

in the country where I lived, and all that I want with money is to buy the things that I want."

"Very good. Money is of no use to you, except to buy what you want with it."

"But, Uncle Philip, some people have more money than they want; for there is Mr. Thomson, who lives next door to our house, who is rich, and has more money than he wants, and yet he keeps it all locked up, and never gives a poor man, who goes to his door, any thing."

"Well, my lad, if this is so, all that I have to say of Mr. Thomson is, that he loves his money too well, and that this is a sin. He is what people call a miser, and I think that a miser is one of the meanest creatures in the world. But Mr. Thomson's meanness has nothing to do with what we are now talking about. At some other time I will tell you a story about a miser. You said, James, that the only use you had for money was to buy with it the things that you wanted."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you would not take that money for the land, because, in the country where you lived, gold and silver were worth nothing. Now, suppose that man who wanted the land should offer to give you a gun for it, and should show you,

too, how to use the gun. Would you make that bargain?"

"I think I should, Uncle Philip, if I wanted the gun."

"Why?"

"Because the gun would be useful to me—and when I saw any thing that I wanted rather more than my gun, why then I could exchange my gun for that thing."

"And would not you think this a fair bargain between that man and yourself, when he gave you something that you wanted and which would be useful to you, and you in return for it gave him something that he wanted and which would be useful to him?"

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and now I understand you fully. You mean that gold and silver money is only of use in that country where it can buy something."

"Exactly, my children. Gold and silver money is worth nothing in any country unless the people in that country agree that it shall be 'a medium of exchange'—do you know what that means?"

"No, sir; not what those last words mean, but I know what *you* mean—you mean that money is of use when it will buy something, and

that it will buy something only in those countries where people agree to receive it as money."

"Precisely what I mean. And now tell me, James, if you think that the Dutch cheated the Indians, when they gave them guns for their furs?"

"No, Uncle Philip, but I did at first."

"Very good; now we will go on. The East India Company was so well pleased with Hudson's discovery, that they sent out in the next year, which was 1610, another ship to this new country. In this ship, some of the men who had been out with Hudson the year before, returned to New-York. When they got there the Indians were very glad to see them, for they remembered them, and the whites laughed very much at the poor savages."

"Why, Uncle Philip? What was the matter?"

"The Indians had the hoes and the axes, which these men had left with them the year before, hung round their necks for ornaments; and the stockings, which they had also given them, they were using for tobacco pouches."

"Uncle Philip, the Indians did not know any better, I suppose; for nobody had ever showed them how to use these things"

“No, boys; and so the white men put helves in the axes, and cut down trees before their eyes; and put handles in the hoes, and dug the ground; and then showed them how to use the stockings. And then the Indians themselves laughed to think that they had been so long ignorant, and had carried such clumsy things about their necks. And now I will tell you something, which I think did look like cheating in the white men. You know they told the Indians that they wanted a piece of land when they came back.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip.”

“Well. They bargained for as much land as the hide of a bullock would cover. And then they cut the hide with their knives into a rope not thicker than the finger of a child. They then took the rope and drew it round in a circular form, so as to take in a large piece of land.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, that was cheating.”

“Yes, my children, for that was deception, and deception is always mean. But the Indians did not quarrel with them, they gave them the land. These men remained with the Indians for some short time, made a good voyage for the Dutch Company, and returned. Everybody

began to talk of the profits that were made, and new adventurers thought that they might become rich by driving the same sort of trade in New-Netherland. So for three years this trade went on with the Indians, and every man who was able, and wished to send a vessel to New-York, sent it, and bought furs. At last the East India Company began to complain, and, I think, very reasonably."

"What did they complain of, Uncle Philip?"

"Why, they said that they had been at all the expense of making the discovery, and that others had then come in to share the profits."

"Well, sir, that was true."

"Yes; but the other men who had engaged in this sort of traffic, said that the charter which the East India Company had, did not give them a right to any western countries which they might discover, for the charter expressly gave them a right to settle the *East Indies*."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, and that was true also."

"Very good; and I will tell you now what was done. The East India Company made their complaint to the States-General, which is only another name for the Dutch government; and as the government itself thought the com-

plaint reasonable, the matter was settled at once."

"What was done, Uncle Philip?"

"The government passed a law, the amount of which was, that any person who discovered any new country should have the sole right of trading there for four years, besides all other advantages. This law was made early in the year 1614, and immediately a new company was formed, which took for its name—'The Amsterdam Licensed Trading West India Company.' This company at once fitted out two ships, and gave the command of them to Adrian Blok and Hendrick Christiaanse. They left Holland together, but Blok's vessel reached Manhattan first. But he was unfortunate, for his ship was accidentally burned almost immediately upon his arrival."

"Then, Uncle Philip, I suppose Adrian Blok made no discoveries in the country?"

"Yes, my lad, he did. He built a new vessel for himself, and surprised the Indians very much, I assure you; for they had never before seen men building larger boats than canoes. And in this new vessel, which was rather small in size, Blok sailed upon a voyage of discovery."

“Which way, Uncle Philip?”

“He sailed from the great river along—”

“Uncle Philip, I do not wish to interrupt you as you go on, but will you be good enough to tell us where that river is?”

“Indeed, James, it is no interruption to me, for I wish you always to ask your questions when you do not understand, and then we will move on better. The great river is the same as Hudson river. The Dutch were in the habit of calling it by both names. So Blok sailed from this river along by *Nooten Eylandt*, as he called it, and went up a stream that his men named *Helle-gadt river*.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, these places are not on any map that I ever saw.”

“Oh yes, Uncle Philip, Hellgate is on the map.”

“Yes, but that is six miles or more from Manhattan. I must explain it to you, and then you will easily find the places. Nooten Eylandt is what we now call Governor’s Island; and the Dutch gave it that name because they found great quantities of nuts upon it; and they called all the water which flows between this island and what we now call Hellgate, *Helle-gadt river*.”

“That is the East river now, Uncle Philip, is it not?”

“Yes. Blok, after passing this river, sailed along the coast as far as Cape Cod, and then he met Christiaanse with his ship. He then left his small vessel to be used as a fishing-boat by some of his party, and went on board of the other ship. The two navigators determined to explore the coast before they went to the Hudson river, and in so doing they discovered two islands, which they named after themselves, the one Blok and the other Christiaanse Island.”

“There is Block Island on the map now, Uncle Philip, but I do not see the other.”

“No, and you will not find it; for the name is now altered. Look a little below Martha’s Vineyard, and tell me what land you see there.”

“No Man’s Land, Uncle Philip; is that the place?”

“That is the island, children. They discovered also Narraganset Bay. What large island is in that bay?”

“Rhode Island, Uncle Philip.”

“Very good. They called it, however, Rood Eylandt, meaning Red Island; but I will not tell you all these Dutch names, my children,

because there is no necessity for it ; and I am afraid, too, that you would not be able to remember them."

"Uncle Philip, I remember all that you have mentioned so far."

"I am glad to hear it, and I will always give the name as I go on, where there is any advantage in doing so."

"Uncle Philip, will you tell me, if you please, if the state of Rhode Island was named after that place?"

"Yes, it was. It is said, too, that Blok discovered the Connecticut and Housatonic rivers, and the small cluster of islands that you see opposite Norwalk, in Connecticut. After these discoveries along the coast, they sailed to Hudson river, and in a little time commenced building a fortification on that river."

"Where, Uncle Philip?"

"On Castle Island, just below Albany ferry. Here they erected their first fort, and the command of it was given to Christiaanse. And now I suppose, my little friends, that some of you are wondering why the Indians did not oppose them in this."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, I was just about to ask you something of that, for I was thinking that

it was not probable that they would see this, and yet keep quiet, without some good reason."

"It is very natural that you should think so, my lad; and I am very glad to find that you know so much of Indian character; for this convinces me that you are not inattentive to my stories. Do you remember my telling you once something about the Five Nations of Indians?"

"Oh yes, sir; you told us that in your conversations about Virginia."

"But I never told you, I believe, any thing of a man by the name of Champlain?"

"No, Uncle Philip; what have you to say about him? for I never heard of any thing of that name, except Lake Champlain."

"And, my lad, you would never have heard of Lake Champlain but for this man; for the lake was named by him."

"Who was he, Uncle Philip?"

"He was a Frenchman by birth, and the man who founded Quebec. Perhaps I may hereafter have occasion to tell you more about him. I mention him now because he is concerned with our business, for he with his Frenchmen was continually fighting against the Five Nations; and this drove them to the neces-

sity of making friends of the Dutch and English."

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and that shows us the cause of the Indians' peaceable behaviour when the Dutch were building this fort."

"Yes. And then the Indians down on Manhattan Island, who hated the Five Nations also, were afraid that this friendship with the Dutch might make them more powerful than they were, and might also cause all the white men to trade in the neighbourhood of the fort; so to prevent all this, they allowed the Dutch, early in the year 1615, to throw up a fortification on the southern point of their island."

"Is that the same fort that is now standing, Uncle Philip?"

"Do you mean the one at the Battery?"

"Yes, sir; what they call Castle Garden now."

"No; that is not the same. This fort that I speak of was built up above what is called the Bowling Green in New-York. These two forts gave the Dutch the possession of the two most important points on the river. So their ships came to Manhattan every year, and there took in their cargoes of furs which were collected from all the coasts and rivers in the neighbourhood, and then sailed for Amsterdam."

I.—D

CONVERSATION III.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the English claim to New-Netherland—Captain Mey comes to the Country—Two new Forts built—Arrival of Peter Minuit, first Governor of New-Netherland—Settlement of the Waaloons.

“UNCLE PHILIP, did the English ever sell Manhattan to the Dutch?”

“No, my lad; why do you ask the question?”

“Last evening, sir, a gentleman came to our house, while I was telling my father what you had told me in the morning, for he always asks me something about your stories; and as I was talking, this gentleman stopped me, and said that I was wrong.”

“What was you saying when he stopped you?”

“I was saying that the Dutch discovered and settled Manhattan; but he said that this was a mistake, for the English, he said, discovered it and sold it to the Dutch.”

“And what did your father say?”

“He said that I was right; but the gentle-

man insisted upon it that my father was labouring under an error ; and so I went to bed, and left them talking about it ; but I determined this morning as soon as I was up that I would ask you about it."

"Very well ; we will look into this. Do you remember, my children, any thing that I once told you of Captain Argall ?"

"Yes, yes, Uncle Philip ; he was the man who took Pocahontas on board his vessel and kept her a prisoner."

"The same man. You remember, also, Governor Dale, of Virginia ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good.—You will remember, then, that when he was governor, Captain Argall was sent against the French in Canada, and on his return visited the Dutch fort on Hudson river, and took possession of it in the name of the governor of Virginia ? I mentioned this to you before."

"Surely, sir ; we know all this."

"And as Virginia was settled, as you know, by the English, Argall's conquest of the Dutch fort was so much done for England."

"Yes, Uncle Philip ; you mean, then, that he took possession in the name of the king of England ?"

“Exactly; and so the English laid claim to New-York for a long time, and this was one of the titles by which they claimed it, but not the only one; for they went back still farther to trace their right to the country. They said that they first discovered the country.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, was this true?”

“I think not. You have all heard, I suppose, of the voyage which John and Sebastian Cabot made to America?”

“No, Uncle Philip, I never did. Who were they?”

“They were Venetians, who were sent out by King Henry VII. of England, and in the year 1497 they reached the continent of America, and sailed along the coast as far south as Florida; but they made no settlement at any spot.”

“And did the English think this a good title to the country?”

“Yes. King James I. thought that it was; but there was no evidence that the Cabots ever saw Manhattan. But I will tell you another ground upon which they founded their claim. They said that Queen Elizabeth’s patent for Virginia included this place, and that afterward it was again included in King James’s patent,

when he divided Virginia into the northern and southern plantations. And at last they said that the country belonged to England, because it was discovered by Hudson, and that he was an Englishman."

"But, Uncle Philip, this last reason was the worst one of all."

"Why, my lad?"

"Because, if Hudson was an Englishman, Cabot was a Venetian."

"Yes; and you have a very good idea about it—you think that if the English claim the country because Hudson was an Englishman, the Venetians had the first right to it because Cabot was a Venetian?"

"That is, supposing, Uncle Philip, that Cabot discovered the country first."

"Very good; and you see now the difference of these two claims. I have stated them to you because I think you can understand them, and because I wish you to bear in mind always that the Dutch settled Manhattan, and therefore had a right to it in themselves. And so you will never believe the story that some people tell when they say that the English sold Manhattan to the Dutch. And now we will move on.

"For some years we hear very little infor-

mation about New-York, except that trade went on very well—occasionally disturbed by pirates. And so we will pass on to the year 1621, when the States-General made a grant to what was called the ‘*West Indian Company of the New-Netherlands.*’”

“That was the name of the other company, Uncle Philip, was it not?”

“Not exactly. This was a new company, formed with new persons. Its privileges were greater than those belonging to the first, though it had in view precisely the same object; and so the powers of the first company were merged in the second. Is this plain to all of you?”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; when you say the powers of the first were merged in the second, you mean that all the powers were given to this new company, and that makes it just the same as though the first West India Company had never existed. And now, sir, will you tell us something of the operations of this company?”

“They did not commence operations until 1623. Captain Mey was sent out by them during that year. He had with him a large number of men who were coming out as settlers, necessary materials for buildings, and supplies for forts and troops. So you see that this

company was resolved to make a strong effort to improve the country."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, it would seem so; for Captain Mey was well supplied, sir."

"And it was fortunate, my children, that he was so well provided, for when he reached Manhattan he found the Dutch almost in despair. For two years, no vessel from their old home had visited them, and they had begun to fear that their friends had forgotten them. They had no friends in America, and this made their situation worse still. The Virginians, in the south, were making efforts to take care of themselves; the French, on the north, were no friends to the Dutch, as I told you, and they were forced to look for kindness only at the hands of the Indians."

"The Five Nations were their friends, Uncle Philip."

"True, but they were busily and almost constantly employed in repelling the attacks of the French under Champlain."

"That is all true, sir. Well, Uncle Philip, they did want friends, and they must have been delighted when they saw this ship direct from Holland."

"Indeed they were, for some of them had

even taken the sails from their fishing-boats to make clothes for themselves. After Captain Mey had seen and relieved them, he sailed as far—”

“I was just going to ask you if he made any discoveries, Uncle Philip?”

“As far as Narraganset and Buzzard’s Bay, where Blok had been before him, and then returning, went to the Delaware river. And now, before we go on, you must know something of the boundaries of New-York—I mean the old boundaries.”

“Oh, Uncle Philip, we none of us know that, but I can tell you how the state is bounded now. I suppose, sir, that it was much larger than it is now, just as Virginia used to be.”

“Yes. Captain Mey gave the country a new name. He called it *Novum Belgium*, or *New-Netherland*, and this included all the country from Delaware river to Cape Cod.”

“As large as that, sir?”

“Yes. Captain Mey settled in what was called the southern part of *New-Netherland*, and perhaps, if you will look up at the map, you will see that he has left his name in the country.”

“I see it—I see it, Uncle Philip. There is Cape May, on the north side of Delaware Bay.”

"But that is not the same name, Uncle Philip; for on the map the name is May, and the captain's name was Mey."

"Still it is the same name, and that difference is only the difference between the English and Dutch mode of spelling. Mey settled here, thinking this the most delightful part of New-Netherland. Not on the cape, children, but higher up on the river; for he built what was called Fort Nassau, on the eastern bank of the Delaware, a few miles below the city of Philadelphia. The spot where the fort stood was called then *Tekaacho*, and I believe we now call the same place Gloucester Point."

"I see Gloucester on the map, sir."

"The same place, I believe. During this same year, two other forts were built in New-Netherland."

"Where, Uncle Philip?"

"Fort New-Amsterdam was built farther down on the southern point of Manhattan Island, directly south of the Bowling Green."

"That must be the one that is now there, Uncle Philip."

"No, you are wrong."

"Well, where was the other new fort, sir?"

"On the west bank of the Hudson, on the
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oend of the shore at *Skaghneghtady*, as it was then called. We call the same place now Albany; and this, you know, is the present capital of the state of New-York."

"Yes, sir."

"And the name of this fortification was Fort Orange."

"But, Uncle Philip, there is a place now in New-York called Schenectady."

"Yes; but that is a different place, for you know it is on the Mohawk river; and if you will look up at the map again, you will find it northwest from the spot where Fort Orange must have stood."

"Yes, sir, I see it, and you are right."

"You recollect, my children, the way in which Virginia was governed?"

"By the governors who were sent out from England, sir."

"Yes, and New-Netherland was regulated in the same manner. This Dutch settlement had its governor also. But we have not yet talked of any of these, because there was no governor here until the year 1625."

"Who was the first one, Uncle Philip?"

"Listen, and you will hear. In the year 1625 the West India Company freighted two

ships, in one of which arrived Peter Minuit, the first governor or director of New-Netherland. The emigrants who were with him came from the banks of the river Waal, in Guelderland, and they were therefore called *Waaloons*."

"Where is Guelderland, Uncle Philip?"

"It is one of the united provinces of the Netherlands, in Europe."

"What sort of men were these *Waaloons*? Is that the name, sir?"

"That is the name. These men were unlike some of the first settlers who were in the country. The others, you know, had erected fortifications, and were driving a very profitable trade; but the *Waaloons* were disposed to cultivate the ground."

"Then they were planters, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes. Agriculture was their pursuit, and they settled on Long Island, on the bend of the shore opposite Manhattan."

"That settlement, then, sir, must have been somewhere near Brooklyn?"

"Yes, you are right. *Wal-bocht*, or *Waaloon bend*, was then the name. It was during this year, also, that the first child of European parentage was born in New-Netherland."

“In 1625, sir?”

“Yes.”

“And what was the name of the child, sir?”

“She was a little girl, called Sarah Rapaelje, daughter of Jan Joris Rapaelje; and I have seen it somewhere stated that her father was the founder of *Wal-bocht*; and the descendants of that family are in New-York to this day.”

UNCLE PHILIP TELLS THE CHILDREN THE STORY
OF THE MISER.

“Uncle Philip, you promised the day before yesterday to tell us a story about a miser; will you tell it now, if you please?”

“Yes, my children, I will. Sit down, and I will begin.

“As I was once travelling in the western part of the state of Pennsylvania, upon coming near a small town where I was to have procured my dinner, I noticed an immense crowd before me, just upon the edge of the village. No questions were necessary to enable me to discover what had brought these people together, for as I drew nearer I saw a gallows rising in the midst of them. I observed, also,

standing beneath it, a young man, well dressed, whom I supposed to be about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, and for whose execution this gallows had been erected. I stopped, that I might make some inquiries into the history of this young man, and just at that moment he commenced talking to the crowd; so I among the rest listened to all that he had to say."

"Uncle Philip, will you tell us what he said?"

"Yes, as well as I can remember, I will give you his own words:—'I am,' said he, 'the son of a rich man, and my father and mother are still living in the city of Bristol, where I was born. My earliest recollections are those connected with the kindness of my parents—I was sent to school when quite young, and continued there nearly five years, but never liked it much. I was not fond of my books—I became lazy, and as many wicked boys were at the same school, who used very bad language, I soon learned to curse and to swear. My father soon found out how very wicked and how very lazy I had become. He told me that swearing was not only unbecoming to a gentleman, but that it was great wickedness and sin towards God, for God had said "*Swear not*

at all." He also told me never to be idle, but always to be employed honestly and industriously, for idle people always get into trouble. I can almost hear his words now as he spoke on this subject, "*An idle mind is the Devil's workshop.*" My mother also wept over my wickedness, and entreated me to forsake my bad habits. She told me, too, that I was a weak and sinful child, and that I, of myself, had not the power and strength to quit my wickedness, and that, therefore, I should pray to God to give me that strength, and to make me better for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ. All this they both told me, for they are both pious and good people, and I wish that I had observed their instructions, and then I should not have been here to-day, a spectacle to this crowd. Indeed, they both did for me what they could, and my earnest prayer now is that they may spend the remainder of their lives happily here, and when they die be happy hereafter. The laws of the country have condemned me to die, and they are just, for I deserve to suffer death. You all look upon me as a murderer, and I know that your judgment is right; for I confess before you all that I committed the murder with which I have been charged, and for which I am now about to die.

I have sinned against the law of my country, and worse than all, I have transgressed the laws of my Maker. - But I humbly trust that I may be forgiven.'"

"Poor man, Uncle Philip!"

"Miserable, indeed, my children. For a short time his voice faltered, and his words were uttered so indistinctly that he could not be understood. He then proceeded to tell us something more of his crime. He said that he had known the man whom he murdered for a long time, and knew also that he was a very rich man. An opportunity offered when he thought that he might murder him without being discovered."

"But for what, Uncle Philip?"

"Listen to all that he said, and you will hear. That he murdered him only to obtain his money: that he had no dislike to the poor man, but, on the contrary, as far as he was acquainted with him, knew him to be a very good man; but he was anxious to get possession of his fortune. This was his only inducement for committing so horrible a deed."

"But, Uncle Philip, he was rich himself."

"That is true, but still he wished for more. He said that he had money, but never supposed

that he had enough. From some almost unaccountable cause, he began 'to covet his neighbour's goods' more and more, although he was aware that he had enough for all the necessary purposes of life. 'Surely,' said he, '*Contentment is wealth indeed.*'

"He then told us something more of his early life. He continued as a boy to neglect his books, and to swear, and soon became tired of the advice of his father and the prayers of his mother. He wished to become a clerk in a counting-house, but his father was anxious that he should remain at school. At length he ran away from Bristol, went to London, and there entered into the service of a rich merchant named Daniel Jones. He lived with him six years, and then left him and sailed for America. He talked to the crowd, my children, for more than an hour and what I have related is the substance of his story. When he had finished speaking, he ascended the platform of the gallows and was immediately executed."

"Well, Uncle Philip, this was a sad scene."

"Indeed it was. The crowd in a short time was scattered, and every man who had any feeling was returning to the village much affected with what he had seen and heard. Indeed, my

children, I do not think that I have ever, before or since, seen so many sad-looking faces together."

"I do not wonder at that, Uncle Philip."

"Among others who moved away from the spot with a sad countenance, was an old gray-headed man, who had been a close observer of all that had been said or done by the poor prisoner. He appeared to be interested more than most of the men who were there; and I concluded that he perhaps knew something about the young man or his family, of which I knew nothing. So I spoke to him, and asked him if he knew the name of the young man who had just been executed?"

"‘Know him,’ said the old man, ‘indeed, I knew poor Tom Watson well, for I was acquainted with him when he was in that same counting-house that he has been speaking about. Poor fellow! little did I think, when I saw him passing my door every day when he was a cheerful and playful lad, that this would be his end. But, perhaps, I ought not to wonder at his fate. He said that his parents were both alive, and I cannot avoid thinking of the misery which his poor mother must feel

when she hears that her child is dead—not only dead, but that he died on a gallows !”

“I then asked him to tell me something about the young man, for I felt interested in him very much.

“‘I arrived in the village,’ said the old gentleman, ‘late last evening, and heard that a man named Thomas Watson was to be executed this morning. I was uncertain whether it was the same man that I knew in England, and therefore I determined to go to the place of execution. But there was no mistake in my supposing that it might be him, for I knew him as soon as I heard the first word that he uttered. His countenance, too, his size, and every thing else served to convince me that it was the same man, and his story was in part exactly what I knew it to be.’

“‘Can you tell me any thing of his parents ?’ said I.

“‘Not much more than he has already told you. I have seen some of the letters which his father wrote to him from Bristol, requesting him to come home ; and I frequently entreated him to comply with his father’s wishes. But his answer always was that he never would

go home again. I was particularly desirous that he should return to his friends in Bristol, because I thought that his situation in London was as bad as it possibly could be.’”

“Uncle Philip, will you let me interrupt you for one moment? Did this old man who was talking to you live in London?”

“Yes, his home had been in London.”

“And now go on with the story, sir.”

“The old man continued to talk. ‘I said, just a moment ago, that I little thought that poor Tom Watson would have died on a gallows. But, on reflection, I ought not to wonder; for had you known him in the days of his childhood, you would not be surprised at his end this morning.’

“‘Will you explain what you mean, sir?’ said I.

“The old man answered—‘Sir, if you had known Daniel Jones, you would understand me.’ He then went on to tell me all that he knew about Mr. Jones.

“‘Daniel Jones is now, and has been for the last thirty years, one of the richest merchants in London. He is known there as the greatest miser in that city; the greatest, in fact, that I ever knew anywhere. He was born rich, and

before he was a man, a rich uncle of his died, and left him all his fortune. When he became a man, he was not satisfied with all this wealth, but determined, if he could do so, to increase it. So he commenced business in London, and made a great quantity of money. Everybody who knew this man disliked him, for they said that he was wicked and mean, and that he cheated honest people. But I myself was not then acquainted with him. However, it was while he was engaged in business that Tom Watson came to London in distress, with a little money in his pocket; and it so happened that he found employment under this old miser. And the day, sir, in which he entered Daniel Jones's service, was the worst day of his life. You heard the young man, a little while since, say "that he became, from some unaccountable cause, covetous of '*his neighbour's goods*.'" But the cause is not unaccountable to me. I know what it is, and where it began. He learned covetousness from his master. It is not strange that a child should imitate the old people who are near him—indeed, he must look to them for examples, and he ought to do so; and all I wish is, that old people would always set before young ones good examples

This boy continued with his master for some years, and then thinking that he might do better for himself in another country, he sailed for America. What he has done in this country I do not know, except that he has murdered a man, and been executed for it.'

" 'And you think, then,' said I, 'that this old miser is to be blamed for the wickedness of the young man?'

" 'Surely, sir, I do, in a great degree;' said the old man. 'You know the old saying, that "Example goes farther than precept;" and in this case it was made true. The boy only did what most boys would have done under the same circumstances. His master would sometimes tell him not to covet his neighbour's goods, but he coveted them himself every day of his life; and the boy knew that he did so—for the old miser was constantly saying before him, "that he wished he had as much money as some rich neighbour had; and that the poor people would not plague him and ask him for money; and that there was no such thing as comfort and happiness without money."

" 'All this he said, and a great deal more, before the boy; and, besides this, his dress and his habits plainly showed that money was his

god. And do you wonder, sir, that a child, with such a pattern before him, should have learned to covet what did not belong to him; should have become a miser, and at length murdered a man to get possession of his money? His master, too, I have heard, told him sometimes to ask more than the regular and proper prices from customers who came to the office to buy; and insisted upon it that this was honesty, because it was always honest to take the highest price you could get for any article. So you see the boy learned also to cheat a little. Was not this school a good one in which to teach a boy to become a miser?"

"I told him, my children, that I thought it was.

"The old man then spoke again. 'Daniel Jones's dress, sir, was always like that of a ragged beggar. Every thing that was near him was uncomfortable. Even his dumb animals suffered; for his old horse was only allowed shoes for his fore feet, because those on his hind feet were thought an unnecessary expense. I will tell you, sir, some stories, to convince you that what I say of old Mr. Jones is true; for I would not have you suppose that my description is not accurate.'

“ I told him to go on.

“ ‘ The old miser, sir, was formerly, and is now, I suppose, very fond of taking snuff. He thought it, however, extravagant, and would not buy it, though he carried a snuff-box. He would ask of every man whom he met to give him a pinch of snuff; and in that way in the course of a month he would fill his box, and with this snuff he would buy a farthing candle to go to bed by at night; for he would not allow it to be lighted except at bedtime.

“ ‘ He very seldom washed his face or his hands, and when he did wash them, he would dry them in the sun; for he thought that it was too expensive to buy towels, and to pay for them when they were washed clean. These stories appear strange, perhaps, but they are nevertheless true.

“ ‘ I will tell you what I myself saw him do on one occasion. It was on a warm morning, in the month of July, that I once met him. It was near the Royal Exchange, in London. As he walked on, a gentleman who noticed his ragged and filthy appearance supposed him to be a beggar; and as he passed him he kindly slipped a penny into his hand. Mr. Jones received it apparently with surprise, but at any

rate he pocketed the penny. I afterward learned, sir, that at that very moment he had two thousand pounds, which he was anxious to loan upon interest.'

" 'Can it be possible,' said I, 'that any man is so mean ; so perfectly in love with money ?'

" The old man said, that he had witnessed it himself, and so he knew it to be a fact. He said, too, that he had heard many things about him, if possible, meaner than this. By this time, however, we arrived at the village tavern, and he was interrupted by the crowd of men. Dinner was prepared for us, and after that, I left him, and started on my journey. As I shook hands with him, I remember his parting words—'*Example,*' said he, '*is better than precept, always.*'"

" Is that all, Uncle Philip ?"

" Yes, my children ; and I wish to know what you think of this story ?"

" I think, sir, that Mr. Jones was a very wicked man."

" And I think, Uncle Philip, that if Tom Watson had never lived with him, he would never have been hanged."

" I think so, too ; and the story means this . that people learn to be wicked sometimes by

having *bad examples* before them. The oldest of you, then, my dear children, must remember that you, perhaps, have younger brothers and sisters who may become wicked by following your examples; for if you are wicked, they will very soon learn wickedness also. And those children who have no brothers or sisters must bear in mind, that other children, who sometimes are at play with them, may be made wicked by them. And remember, always, that we have enough to answer for if we sink our own souls into ruin. But how wretched must that creature be who, not satisfied with ruining his own soul, must answer also for the souls of others that he has misled. And think, too, how people are deceived by vice. When they once begin to practise it in small things, how little do they know where it will end! Vice grows from little things to larger ones, and from larger ones to great ones always. No man ever became a murderer at once; and Tom Watson, when he practised disobedience to his parents, little thought that he would end his life upon a gallows; and perhaps Mr. Jones, if he thought at all, little supposed that his example was ruining the little boy who was near him.

“But do you think that old Daniel Jones should bear all the blame for this young man’s wickedness? Was not Tom Watson wicked before he ever saw Mr. Jones?”

“Oh yes, Uncle Philip, he was disobedient to his parents.”

“Yes; and a *disobedient child* is always punished by God—for God has said, ‘*Honour thy father and thy mother.*’ Go home now, my children, and remember the story of poor Tom Watson when Uncle Philip’s head is laid low in the ground.”

CONVERSATION IV.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the Charter in favour of Patroons—First arrival of Van Twiller—De Vriez's Colony at South river—English Claim to that River—Murder of De Vriez's colony by the Indians.

“WELL, Uncle Philip; we will hear, this morning, if you please, something more of Governor Minuit. What did he do while he was governor?”

“He behaved very well. He found that trafficking with the natives was the most profitable business, and he continued to do this for some time. In four years the trade increased one half, and this fact will show you what Governor Minuit was doing. But this did not satisfy him. He commenced trading with the English, who were settled at Plymouth, in Massachusetts, and the Indians also, at a place called *Manomet*.”

“Where is that place, Uncle Philip?”

“You will not see it now. It was on the north side of Cape Cod. Mr. Bradford, who was at this time governor of the New-England colony,

objected to the trafficking of the Dutch at *Manomet*. But the Dutch were so much disposed to be friendly to the English colony, that the governor was better satisfied; and for some time this trading intercourse went on at *Manomet*, until the Virginians discovered that this was a good market for the Dutch, and drove them away by underselling them in their tobacco. Minuit also built several houses—the governor's house within Fort Amsterdam, a magazine for stores, and private buildings for the officers, soldiers, servants, and slaves of the company."

"Uncle Philip, did they have slaves in this state, also?"

"Yes—but you know there are no slaves in this state now. In 1629, my children, the West India Company adopted what they called the charter of 'Liberties and Exemptions for Patroons, masters, and private individuals, who should plant colonies in New-Netherland, or import thither any cattle.' You understand this?"

"Yes, sir, I believe so. It means that certain private individuals were to have the privilege of planting colonies there upon certain conditions."

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“Yes, but you must recollect that the company reserved to themselves the right to the Island Manhattan.”

“Very good, Uncle Philip, will you go on, sir, if you please?”

“This new charter induced several men, Goodyn, Bloemaert, Van Renselaer, and others in Holland, to send out to New-Netherland Wouter Van Twiller as their agent, to inspect the condition of the country, and to purchase lands from the natives for the purpose of settlement.”

“And where did he make his settlement, sir?”

“In different parts of the state. He purchased lands on the Hudson river as high up as Fort Orange, and others near Cape May. These lands belonged, of course, to the men for whom he purchased them. But the company became dissatisfied.”

“What was the matter, Uncle Philip?”

“They thought that these private purchases and settlements interfered with the interests of the company.”

“Uncle Philip, will you tell us in what way their interests were hurt? Really, I should have thought that it was an advantage, because it was settling the country.”

“I will soon show you, by one example. Among the men who had made purchases was one named Michael Pauuw. He owned what he called *Pavonia*, a piece of land opposite Manhattan Island, and which included the spot where the Indians assembled to traffic in beaver, or to cross to Fort Amsterdam.”

“Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and this interrupted the trade at Fort Amsterdam; and the company had reserved that, you said, for themselves.”

“Is it plain to all of you, now?”

“Yes, sir, quite so.”

“Very good; and you will now see how these patroons, who had purchased, attempted to satisfy those who were displeased. They had agreed among themselves to unite their interests; that is, to defray the expenses together, and share the profits together also. They now invited some directors of the company to join them as copartners upon the same terms.”

“Uncle Philip, will you explain that, if you please?”

“They invited some of the directors of the company to join them in the expense of settling the purchases that they had made, and to share profits with them.”

“Yes sir, now I know. And did this satisfy the company?”

“In part, only. At any rate, those to whom the offer was made consented to the proposal, and in 1630 they equipped a ship which was to sail to the South river, which we now call the Delaware. They procured, as the commander of this ship, Captain de Vriez, an experienced navigator, who had just returned from the East Indies. He was no director of the company, but consented to act, provided that his advantages should be equal to those of any of the patroons. The main object that they had in view in this settlement was the cultivation of tobacco and grain; and they thought that they could make the South river as famous for its agriculture as the North river was for its commerce. Another object, however, that they thought of, was fishing for whales; for at that time Long Island, or the Island of Shells, as it was then called, was famous for the number of whales on its coasts.”

“Uncle Philip, I should like to know something of the manner of catching whales.”

“Well, my lad, you shall know, at some other time, all about it; for we will make that the subject of one of our Conversations hereafter. But

now I will go on with this story. The ship was loaded with instruments for this fishery, and with agricultural articles, seeds, and cattle. Then between thirty and forty men embarked as colonists under Captain de Vriez.

“He left Holland early in December, 1630, and arrived at the South Bay in the course of the winter. He sailed a short distance above Cape Henlopen, and entered a small creek abounding with oysters. They selected a place, and built a house upon it, which was to serve as their fort and house of commerce. They called this spot Hoeren-kill. If you will look on the map of Delaware, children, you will see Lewistown upon this creek. This is said to be the same place. Lewistown was the name afterward given to it by Mr. Penn.”

“Who was he, sir?”

“You will hear of him at some other time, when we talk of another state.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip, you mean Pennsylvania.”

“Uncle Philip, you told us how Cape May obtained its name; can you tell me who named Cape Henlopen?”

“Yes. This cape is supposed to have received its name from *Henloopen*, a Holland

navigator. The climate in the winter was so mild that they did not suffer much; and when spring opened they erected shelters, prepared fields, and commenced cultivation. This plantation was partly in Sussex and partly in Kent counties, in the state of Delaware, and the Dutch called it *Swaenendael*, or Valley of Swans. These were the only Europeans now settled on the South river."

"No, Uncle Philip, you forget Captain Mey."

"No; for he had left the country, and Fort Nassau was now in possession of the Indians. I said that they were the only people from Europe on that river, and I think that they alone had a right to hold lands there. Do you know that England claimed this country also?"

"No, sir."

"England claimed it as the discovery of Lord de la War in 1610, but the Dutch laid claim to it upon two grounds. In the first place, they said that Hudson discovered it in 1609; and, in the second, they urged that they had purchased the land from the natives. The English in their turn pleaded also the discovery of Cabot."

“They claimed through him before, sir.”

“That is true ; and tell me what you think of these titles. Who owned the country, the English or the Dutch ?”

“The Dutch, I should think, sir.”

“I think so, too. The Dutch, in order to give some sign of formal possession, and that everybody might know that they occupied the country, erected at Swan Valley a pillar, with a piece of tin upon it, on which was figured the emblem of Holland. Do you understand ?”

“Yes, sir. You mean they placed a mark upon the tin which showed that they were people from Holland.”

“Not only were people from Holland, but had a right to the country. And this thing made a great deal of mischief.”

“How, Uncle Philip ?”

“The Indians did not know why the piece of tin was placed there, or what it meant. They did not know that this was the way in which European nations showed their right to particular countries. So one of their chiefs very innocently took the piece of tin down to manufacture tobacco pipes for himself. The officers of the colony were in a rage. They

thought that the Indian was not only guilty of insult to their country but also of stealing their property."

"Uncle Philip, this was very foolish, for the Indian knew no better."

"Surely it was; and if Captain de Vriez had been on the plantation, perhaps no difficulty would have occurred."

"Where was he, Uncle Philip?"

"He had returned to Holland, leaving a man named Gillis Osset as commander during his absence. Nothing on the part of the Indians could satisfy this man. He still continued angry. At last, the poor Indians finding it impossible to make peace with the commander, and not knowing how to settle matters otherwise, cut off the head of the offending chief, and brought a token of this bloody deed to Osset."

"Uncle Philip, that must have given Mr. Osset some painful feelings. What did he do, sir?"

"He told them that they had done wrong; that they should have brought the chief to him that he might have reproved him, and then dismissed him. But the fact was, my children, he knew that he had acted wrong; for if

he had not been so unforgiving, this Indian chief would never have been murdered. And this gave him a heartache. Sin always makes mischief, and very often mischief that cannot be undone."

"Indeed, sir; this was mischief that could not be mended."

"Yes; but this murder was not the only trouble that occurred. The friends and relations of this murdered chief determined to revenge his death. They resolved, too, to inflict such vengeance upon the colony, that not one white man should breathe in their country, or escape to tell what had become of his companions. They soon found an opportunity. The season of tillage had arrived, and the white men were very busy in the cultivation of tobacco and grain upon their fields at some distance from the fort. The commander and one sentinel were the only individuals left in the fort. The Indians came near and concealed themselves, and then sent three of their boldest warriors into the fort, who entered under pretence of selling their beaver skins to the commander as usual. They passed the sentinel without being suspected, and advanced towards the commander, who was standing near the door. He

went in with them to transact the business ; and having bargained, he went up into the garret where the public goods were kept, in order to obtain the things promised in exchange for their beaver skins. During his absence, the Indians placed themselves near the staircase, and waited until he should return. The instant he descended, one of the Indians split his head open with an axe, and he fell dead on the floor."

"Shocking, Uncle Philip!"

"They immediately then rushed on the sentinel and murdered him. There was a large bulldog chained just outside of the house, and they even killed this poor animal. They shot twenty-five arrows into his body."

"Indeed, sir, Indians are horribly cruel."

"They had now the quiet possession of the fort ; and they hurried onward to finish their plan of destruction. The colonists, as I before told you, were scattered through the fields, busily engaged. They were unarmed, of course, and unsuspecting, for they had often seen tribes of Indians pass and repass their settlements before, and yet they had not disturbed them.

"The Indians, when they came to the fields, walked very slowly towards the white men, and

spoke to them in a very friendly way. "The colonists supposed that they had come there merely to see their skill in cultivating the ground. But they were sadly mistaken—for at a given signal the Indians fell upon them, and butchered them one after another until there was not one man left. They left the murdered bodies on the ground, and then returned and destroyed the fort. So this was the end, my children, of the colony."

CONVERSATION V.

Uncle Philip tells the Children how De Vriez returns and finds his colony murdered—Van Twiller is made second Governor—After him, Kieft, third Governor of New Netherland—Difficulties with the English.

“UNCLE PHILIP, that was a sad story that you told us yesterday. How many men were in that colony, sir?”

“Thirty-four.”

“And not one man was left?”

“Not one. In December, De Vriez returned from Holland. When he entered the bay, every thing was as still as death. He fired a cannon, but still he saw nobody. The next morning he spied some of the savages near the edge of the forest. De Vriez ascended the creek in his boat until he saw the valley covered with the skulls and bones of his murdered countrymen. He beckoned to the savages to come to him, and promised them peace; but they would not trust him. At last one of them entered the boat, and he gave him a present. Others then followed

his example; and so De Vriez learned from them how his colony had been destroyed."

"How sad he must have felt, sir. What did he do, Uncle Philip?"

"On the next day he met the assembled chiefs, formed with them a treaty of peace, and gave them presents.—The Indians departed, delighted to find that they were not to be punished."

"Uncle Philip, his conduct was very unlike that of the Indians. I like this man, sir."

"De Vriez, in this second voyage, did not bring many men with him. He had come expecting to cultivate the soil, but his principal object was the whale fishery."

"How did he succeed in this, Uncle Philip?"

"Not well. It was an unprofitable business, and he remained in the country but a short time. While he was here, however, his provisions were exhausted. In order to obtain supplies for his people, he visited the Indians on the South river, beyond Fort Nassau. They advised him to go into the Timmerkil, which was a little creek opposite *Quequenaker*, or—"

"Where are these places, sir?"

"The last named place we call Philadelphia now; and Timmerkil is now, I believe, called

Carpenters' creek. At any rate, De Vriez was about entering this creek, but was advised by a female Indian not to do so. She informed him that the crew of a vessel had lately been murdered there; and so he returned to Fort Nassau. Here he made a treaty of peace with these Indians, and gave them presents."

"But, did he get supplies, sir?"

"No. When he failed in his object in the South river, he resolved to visit Virginia, and obtain supplies there, if possible. When he reached Virginia, he learned from the governor of that colony that a party had been sent to the Delaware, and nothing had ever been heard of them; and this proved the truth of the Indian girl's story."

"Uncle Philip, what was her name?"

"I do not know, my children. De Vriez procured provisions here; and, having received several presents from the governor, he returned. Finding that there was no prospect that the fishing business would become profitable, he, with all his men, embarked for Holland, visiting on his way Fort Amsterdam.

"He was received there by Wouter Van Twiller, who had just arrived from Holland as the second governor of New-Netherland."

“The same man that was there before, sir?”

“Yes.”

“Where was Governor Minuit, sir?”

“He had returned home; for the directors of the company had recalled him.”

“What had he done, Uncle Philip?”

“I cannot tell you. Some say that he was displaced for mismanagement; while others think that Van Twiller (who, you will recollect, had been in the country in 1629) had, by his intrigue and cunning, produced a disagreement between the company and Minuit, in order to procure the situation of governor for himself.”

“What year was this, Uncle Philip?”

“1633. I told you, my children, that the *Waalons* were agricultural people;—that during Minuit’s administration very little attention was paid to this matter. None of the patroons had yet arrived in the country; but just after Van Twiller was made governor, De Heer Van Renselaer shipped some colonists with farming stock, implements, and necessaries, and caused some houses to be erected. The first large island south of Fort Orange was cultivated; and on this island, *Renselaerburgh*, afterward the place where the patroons lived, was laid out. And now, before I proceed

farther, I must go back a little to tell you of an Indian conquest, in order that you may understand better the difficulties that arose between the English and Dutch.

“The chief of the Pequods, in 1631, finished the conquest of the country from Narraganset towards the Dutch settlements.”

“Who owned the country, sir?”

“The Mohegan Indians. They were subdued and expelled from their country, and their sachems were anxious to obtain the aid of the New-Englanders in making another effort for the possession of their country.—The New-Englanders were willing to assist them, hoping to secure to themselves the possession of the lands on Connecticut river. But the Dutch had, at Narraganset Bay, an Indian commander in their interest and service; and when they learned what the New-Englanders were doing, they ordered him to purchase from the Pequod conqueror the land on that river, or at least as much of it as the Dutch could see from the trading-house which they intended to build there. The land was bought; but before possession was obtained, the New-Englanders prepared to establish the Mohegans again in their country. And this, my children, was the

cause of much bitter feeling between the Dutch and English settlements. Remember this."

"Yes, Uncle Philip; please to go on, sir."

"Wouter Van Twiller cultivated the ground, cleared more land, and erected within Fort Amsterdam a large house, where he and the members of his council assembled. Just on the outside of the fort he built a church. He granted lots of land in the neighbourhood of the fort to some of the settlers, and they built low houses fronting the shore; and as they were afraid of the Indians, these houses were built near the fort. Have any of you ever been in the city of New-York?"

"No, Uncle Philip."

"Well, if you should ever go there, you can observe the crookedness of Pearl-street; and it is said, that these houses built around under the shelter of the fort, was what gave that street its present semicircular form. Some of these buildings were built of brick, but most of them were constructed of wood, covered with reed or straw roofs, and had wooden chimneys."

"How many people are in New-York now, Uncle Philip?"

"More than two hundred thousand; and

most of the houses are now built of brick, three stories high ; and the streets, too, are all paved with stone. Van Twiller also erected wind-mills to grind corn for his men, and these things frightened the Indians very much. They said they 'were afraid to go near his long arms, and his big teeth biting the corn to pieces.' They called the negroes whom they saw in the fields 'a breed of devils ;' and they looked upon the white men as supernatural beings."

"What does that mean, sir?"

"Beings who had extraordinary powers, as great as they supposed their god possessed."

"How ignorant they were, Uncle Philip!"

"Surely they were."

"Uncle Philip, I should like to know what became of Minuit upon his return home?"

"He did not remain long in Holland, but went to Sweden, and entered the service of Queen Christina, the daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus. A great man named Oxenstiern regulated the affairs of the country while she was a child ; and as her father before his death had thought of sending a colony to America, Oxenstiern sanctioned his plan. So they sent a colony out, and they built a fort near the town of Wilmington, and called it Fort Christina, after the queen."

“When did they build that fort, Uncle Philip? for I like to remember the different years when these things were done.”

“The year is uncertain, my children. Some say it was in the year 1631, but I think that it was built after the death of King Gustavus Adolphus, and he died in 1632. At any rate, the government of Sweden was making efforts to settle the South river, and gave employment to Peter Minuit. And now we will return to the history of New-York.

“William Kieft was the next governor in New-Netherland, and he succeeded Van Twiller in 1638. He immediately issued a command, forbidding the English to trade at Fort Good Hope.”

“Where was that fort, sir?”

“It was the Dutch fort on Connecticut river, and stood where the city of Hartford now stands.—The ruins of this fort may still be seen on the banks of the river. The English had first seated themselves near this place in 1636, and in 1638 they settled New-Haven. But Governor Kieft’s command was not regarded; for in the year 1640 they took possession of some parts of Long Island which were claimed by the Dutch.”

“What was done then, Uncle Philip?”

“Governor Kieft broke up the settlement, but then he had further troubles ; for some of the English from Maryland had begun also to settle upon the Schuylkill. Difficulties daily became greater, so that in the year 1643 the colonies of Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New-Haven, entered into a league against the Dutch and Indians ; and it is said that they met shortly after with the design of killing all the Dutch.”

“Uncle Philip, that was a strong party, I suppose.”

“Yes, much stronger than the Dutch. Indeed, my children, Governor Kieft had no easy time either with the English or the Indians.”

“With the Indians, sir, also ?”

“Yes.—During the last year that he remained, he fought a battle with the Indians on the borders of Connecticut, at a place called Horse Neck. A very desperate battle on both sides.”

“Which party conquered, Uncle Philip ?”

“The Dutch kept the field, and that was all. In the morning we will go on with the next governor. Good-by.”

CONVERSATION VI.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New-Netherland—How he reduces the Swedes on the South river—Troubles with the English—King Charles II.'s grant to the Duke of York and Albany—Arrival of Colonel Nicolls and Surrender of New-Netherland.

“WELL, Uncle Philip, whom do we talk of next?”

“Peter Stuyvesant; for he was governor after Kieft. His administration began in 1647, and lasted until 1664; and he had a troublesome time, I can assure you.”

“War with the English, I suppose, sir?”

“You will see as I go on. New-England on the east, and Maryland on the west, kept him constantly alarmed; and he also had trouble with the Swedes. A Swedish captain arrived with his ship in the Raritan river, and Governor Stuyvesant caused the ship to be seized, and the captain to be made a prisoner at New-Amsterdam. And I will now tell you why he did this. You all know, I suppose, where the town of Newcastle stands?”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; there it is on the Delaware river.”

“Well; at this place formerly stood Fort Casimir. The Dutch had erected this fort, but the Swedish governor, Printz, claimed the country, and had objected to the building of the fortress. Governor Risingh, the successor of Printz, under the pretence of friendship, went to this fortress with thirty of his men; and they were kindly treated by the commander. But as soon as he discovered their weakness, he made himself master of the fort, and seized all the ammunition, houses, and other things belonging to the West India Company.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, I do not blame Governor Stuyvesant for seizing that vessel then.”

“Nor I, my children; but this was not all that he did. He was determined to retake Fort Casimir. He sailed with his forces, anchored before the garrison, and then landed them. He immediately demanded the fortress as Dutch property. The Swedish commander then requested leave to consult with Governor Risingh. Stuyvesant refused, and so the commander surrendered. You remember, Fort Christina belonged also to the Swedes?”

I.—H

“Yes, sir.”

“Risingh himself was commander of this fort. Stuyvesant went there, and the Swedish governor surrendered that fortress also.”

“Stuyvesant was a bold man, Uncle Philip. What became of all the Swedes, sir?”

“Some of them submitted to the Dutch government; but such as refused were sent back to Holland, and from thence to Sweden, by Governor Stuyvesant. So the governor left one of his officers on the South river, with the title of lieutenant-governor, and then returned to New-Amsterdam.”

“And now tell us, Uncle Philip, of his difficulties with the English.”

“I have been a little too fast, children. I should have told you of the treaty that Governor Stuyvesant made at Hartford, in the year 1650. This treaty was made with the English about their boundaries. Long Island was divided—the eastern part to be held by the English, the western by the Dutch. ‘The Dutch were to hold the land on the Connecticut river, of which they were then possessed, and the remainder, on each side of that river, was to belong to the English.’”

“Well, sir, that appears very fair.”

"Yes; but it did not terminate their difficulties. Do you remember any thing of King Charles the Second of England?"

"Yes, Uncle Philip; you told us something about him in your Virginia stories. But, before you go on, I wish to ask you one question about him."

"Well; what is it?"

"There is a picture at home with 'Charles II. hiding in the Royal Oak' written under it. Will you tell me what this means?"

"Yes. You will remember that I told you how Charles the First was beheaded, and Oliver Cromwell made Protector of England?"

"Yes, sir."

"After his death, his son, Charles the Second, went to Scotland, raised an army, and returned to England to obtain possession of his kingdom, and punish the murderers of his father. He met Cromwell at a place called Worcester and Charles's army was defeated there. After the battle, the king was pursued so closely by his enemies, that he caused some of his friends to cut off his hair that he might not be known; and then left them by night, and went to the house of a farmer named Penderel. Here he disguised himself still farther, by dressing in

some of the farmer's old clothes. He was employed for three or four days in cutting fagots with Penderel and his three brothers. At last he became alarmed here ; and one day, for better concealment, he hid himself among the thick branches of an oak ; and while he was in the tree some of Cromwell's men went by in search of him ; and he heard them say that they wished they could find him, for they were anxious to deliver him up to his father's murderers. Afterward, he escaped into France ; and when Cromwell died, became king of England."

"And they did not see him, Uncle Philip?"

"No ; and that tree was afterward called the royal oak."

"Thank you, Uncle Philip. Will you go on now, sir?"

"King Charles the Second was unwilling that the Dutch should be settled in the midst of his American possessions. So he made a grant to his brother, the Duke of York and Albany, of all the country in North America claimed by the Dutch ; and he gave him other land besides this."

"Uncle Philip, had he a right to make this grant?"

“He thought he had, I suppose, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes; he supposed that he had this right. Under this grant, at any rate, a fleet was despatched from England, having on board three hundred men. Colonel Richard Nicolls, Sir George Carteret, and Sir Robert Carr, were three of the principal men in the fleet. One of the ships arrived before the rest, and anchored before Manhattan. As soon as the others arrived, Governor Stuyvesant sent a letter to the commanders of the English vessels, desiring to know for what purpose they had come there; and why they had not given notice to the Dutch, as they ought to have done?”

“What answer did he get to this letter, sir?”

“Colonel Nicolls replied by telling him that King Charles’s right to the country was unquestionable; and therefore he desired the Dutch governor to surrender, but offered him very easy terms; for he promised, in his majesty’s name, that every man who would submit to the English government should enjoy his estate, his life, and his liberty. But he said that those who should oppose King Charles’s wishes must expect the miseries of war.

“Governor Stuyvesant promised an answer to Colonel Nicolls on the next morning; and then called his council together. He was anxious to conceal from them Nicolls’s letter, because he thought that the terms of the surrender were so easy that they would be disposed to accept them. They however insisted upon seeing it.”

“And what did they think of it, Uncle Philip?”

“They thought it would be best to surrender, but the governor refused. Governor Winthrop, of Connecticut, wrote a letter to the governor, advising him to surrender. When the council met again, they desired to know what message Governor Winthrop had sent? Governor Stuyvesant refused to tell them. They still demanded to know, until at length the governor tore the letter in pieces before them.”

“He was angry, I suppose, sir, because they were willing to surrender.”

“Yes. He then sent Nicolls an answer, in which he explained the way in which the Dutch claimed the country; and, after telling him that he was not alarmed by his threats, he refused to surrender. As soon as Colonel Nicolls discovered what Governor Stuyvesant’s

determinations were, he ordered Hugh Hide, who commanded the squadron, to commence reducing the fort."

"And now, I suppose, the battle began, Uncle Philip?"

"No. These preparations caused Stuyvesant to write another letter, in which he declared that he was willing and ready to fight; but, to prevent the spilling of blood, he had sent some of his men for the purpose (if possible) of making peace. Nicolls answered that he would treat about nothing but a surrender."

"Well, what did the Dutch governor say to that, sir?"

"On the next day, he agreed to a treaty and surrender upon one condition; that was, that the English and Dutch limits should be settled by the Crown of England and the States-General."

"You mean, Uncle Philip, by the Crown of England and the government of Holland. Do you not, sir?"

"Yes. So six Dutch deputies and six English ones drew up the articles of surrender. By these articles, 'the Dutch were to become British subjects, to possess their estates without

any trouble, and enjoy their modes of religion without any difficulty.' This treaty was signed by the twelve deputies, and then by Colonel Nicolls; but Governor Stuyvesant refused to put his name to it for two days."

"But he did sign it, sir?"

"Yes, after refusing for two days."

"And this was the way, Uncle Philip, in which the English obtained possession of Manhattan?"

"Yes. The town of New-Amsterdam now took the name of New-York, so called after the Duke of York. But the Dutch on the Hudson and Delaware rivers were now to be reduced. Sir George Carteret went up the Hudson and reduced Fort Orange, and called it Albany."

"After the duke, also, I suppose, Uncle Philip?"

"Right, my children."

"And who went to the Delaware, sir?"

"Sir Robert Carr. He was equally successful there, for he compelled the Dutch and Swedes to deliver up all their garrisons on that river. Do you remember what I told you about the extent of New-Netherland?"

"Yes, sir; you said it extended from Delaware to Cape Cod."

"Well; New-Netherland was now divided, and part of it was called New-Jersey, after the Isle of Jersey, because Sir George Carteret's family came from that island."

"And so the English took the country, divided it, and changed its name, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes."

"And what became, sir, of the old Dutch governor?"

"He remained in the country. He held his estate until his death, and his body was buried in a chapel which he had built upon his own farm, not far from the city. That chapel, children, is now called St. Mark's church, in the city of New-York.—The country-seat of the old governor has now become a part of the city. When you go through the city, you can see a tablet erected to his memory in the east wall of the church."

"Then you have seen it, Uncle Philip?"

"Oh, yes; and I recollect what is written on the tablet.—This is what is written,—*'In this vault lies buried Peter Stuyvesant, late Captain-General and Governor-in-chief of Amsterdam in New-Netherland, now called New-York,*

and the Dutch West Indian Islands. Died August, A. D. 1682, aged 80 years.'"

"Well, Uncle Philip, I am sorry that he had to surrender New-Amsterdam, for I think he was a brave man. Will you go on, sir, if you please, and tell us now about these Englishmen?"

"Not now. We will talk more at another time."

CONVERSATION VII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of Governor Nicolls and Governor Lovelace—Then talks of Anthony Colve, who was Governor for a short time—Tells of Sir Edmund Andros, and the manner in which he punished a man named John Manning—After him of Governor Dongan—Also talks of Lord de la Barre, and Marquis de Nonville, the French Governor in Canada.

“COLONEL RICHARD NICOLLS now took upon himself the government of New-York, calling himself the Deputy-Governor of the Duke of York.”

“And what did he do for the country, sir?”

“Not much, for he was governor only for a short time. His time was much occupied in confirming the old Dutch patents, and in settling the boundaries between New-York and Connecticut.”

“How long was he governor, Uncle Philip?”

“Three years only. He then returned to England, and Colonel Francis Lovelace was appointed by the Duke of York to succeed him. He arrived in the country in the year 1667.”

“Tell us something of him, then, sir.”

“He governed the country peaceably until the year 1673.”

“For six years, Uncle Philip ; and what was the matter then ?”

“The English and Dutch were then at war, and a small squadron of Dutch ships set sail for Manhattan. When they arrived at Staten Island, a man named John Manning, who commanded the fort at New-York, sent a messenger down to the squadron, and treacherously made peace with the enemy.

“So the Dutch ships on the same day came up, moored under the fort, put their men on shore, and they took possession of the fortress without giving or receiving a shot. A council of war was then called together, and the Dutch chose a man named Anthony Colve to be governor.”

“So the Dutch had possession of their city once more ?”

“Yes, but not long. For early in the next year a treaty of peace was concluded between England and Holland, and by this treaty New-Netherland was again restored to the English. At the close of this war the Duke of York was afraid that his right to his American property might be disputed ; so he obtained a new patent

from the king for all the lands he had granted him ten years before, and two days after this, sent out Edmund Andros to be governor of his American territory."

"You mean his American possessions; do you not, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes. One of the first things that Sir Edmund Andros did was to call a court-martial to try John Manning for cowardice and treacherous conduct."

"Uncle Philip, what do you mean by a court-martial?"

"I mean a court appointed for punishing offences in officers, soldiers, and sailors."

"And what was done with Manning, sir?"

"Six accusations were brought forward against him; the amount of all which was that he had entered into a treaty with the Dutch, and ordered the fort gates to be opened, and allowed the enemy to enter without any opposition, when his men were willing and anxious to fight. Manning confessed that the accusations were true. Since his treachery, however, he had been to England, and seen the king and the duke; so, although he deserved death, his life was spared. But he was condemned to have his sword broken over his head, a pub-

lic, before the City Hall, and rendered incapable of ever wearing a sword again, or of serving his majesty in any public office whatever."

"He had better have been dead, Uncle Philip, than to have been so publicly disgraced?"

"Yes, my lad. Death is preferable to deserved disgrace; and I had rather follow any creature whom I love to the grave, than to know that he committed a base action. Whether that action was known to the world or not, if it was base, it was disgraceful; and I had rather see my friend dead than infamous. Let me tell you a short story. When I was last in New-York, I heard it, and saw the boy also who was concerned in it."

"About a boy, there, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes. His name is William Giles. He was six years old, and his father sent him to school; but William was not fond of going. His mother talked to him, and endeavoured to make him fond of learning; so he continued to go to school, though he continued also to dislike it. William's companions found out that the school-room was a very unpleasant place to him, for it was disagreeable to some of them also. One day one of them asked him why he was so foolish as to go to school if he did not like it?

William said that his parents desired it, and sent him there.

“ ‘Why do you not go somewhere else, and play until school is over; and then go home, and if your father asks you if you have been to school, you can say yes, and he will know no better!’

“ ‘Tell him a falsehood!’ said William.

“ ‘He will not know it is a falsehood,’ said the other.

“ ‘But God will know it, and I myself shall know it,’ said William Giles; ‘and I would rather that all the world should *think* me mean, than that I should *know* myself to be so.’ Then he left the company of that deceitful boy, and continued to follow his parents’ advice; and now he is very fond of his books, and learns very rapidly. Do you not think that he is a noble boy?”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; I wish he was here.”

“And so do I. When I heard the story, I went to see that little boy, and had a long conversation with him, and I like him very much.”

“Tell us of some other thing, Uncle Philip, which Sir Edmund Andros did.”

“He made efforts to acquire the country on Connecticut river.”

“And did he succeed, sir?”

“No; for the Connecticut colony resisted him too strongly. But I will tell you what he did succeed in doing. You see Pemaquid on the map?”

“Yes; there it is, Uncle Philip, on the coast of Maine.”

“Well, Sir Edmund, in 1677, sent a sloop with some forces on board to the province of Maine, to take possession of the lands which had been granted to the Duke of York.”

“Did he own lands there also, sir?”

“Yes. These men landed, and during the next year, built a fort at that point.”

“Was this governor a favourite, Uncle Philip?”

“No, my children; he was not liked much. Towards the close of his administration, he disputed with a man named Philip Carteret, who governed Jersey.”

“The same man who named New-Jersey, sir?”

“No; but he held a commission from Sir George Carteret. You are thinking of him. Andros disputed the right of this governor; so he was seized and brought a prisoner to New-York.”

“And what was done with the prisoner, sir?”

“I do not know. But shortly after this, Sir Edmund Andros was sent to Boston to be governor there; and Colonel Thomas Dongan was then sent by the Duke of York to be governor in his place. He came to the country in 1683.”

“He was the man who was at the peace of Albany with Lord Howard?”

“The same man. When he came to the country, he landed first on Long Island, and finding that the people were dissatisfied, he at once determined to set matters right.”

“Why were they dissatisfied, sir?”

“All the governors before him had made laws, and held their courts without consulting the people. So he promised them that in future no laws should be made or enforced but by a general assembly; and he gave orders that the members of the assembly should be immediately elected, that they might meet him.”

“And then they were pleased, I suppose, sir?”

“Yes; and they sent their thanks to the Duke of York, for sending Thomas Dongan to

be their governor. But, before we go on, I must tell you something more about the French who were in Canada. It was while Governor Dongan was at the peace of Albany that a messenger arrived there from Lord de la Barre, the governor of Canada, complaining to him of the Seneca Indians. You will remember that the Seneca tribe was one of the Five Nations; and you know the Five Nations were friends to the English in New-York."

"Yes, sir: but what had the Seneca Indians been doing, Uncle Philip?"

"The complaint was, that they had interrupted the French in their trade with some other Indian tribes. Governor Dongan, to whom the message was sent, talked with the Senecas about it, and they at once admitted the charge, but said that they had done this thing because the French had sent arms and ammunition to the Miami Indians while they were at war with them.

"But Lord de la Barre was not satisfied with this. He determined, if possible, to destroy the Five Nations. So he marched with an army of 1700 men to Lake Ontario. He issued his orders to all the commanders of the French forts through the country to meet at

Niagara, with all the Indians they could engage to assist them. Governor Dongan informed the Five Nations of the plan of the French, and promised to aid them in their opposition. But they did not need his assistance, for after all his preparation there was no fighting. De la Barre was delayed six weeks at Fort Frontenac (a fortress on Lake Ontario), and during this time, owing to bad provisions, sickness broke out among the French. So he thought it best to conclude with a treaty. For this purpose he invited the chiefs of the five tribes to meet him. Dongan advised them not to meet him. The Mohawks and Senecas did refuse, but the chiefs of the other three tribes consented to the proposal of the French governor, and went to see him."

"And what was done then, sir?"

"Lord de la Barre then spoke to the Onondaga chief, named Garangula. He told him that the Five Nations of Indians had broken the peace; but that his master, the French king, had ordered him to invite their sachems to his camp: that he wished to smoke the calumet of peace with them: but that he could do it on but one condition. This condition was, that they should give satisfaction to the French

subjects for all injuries that they had done to them, and promise in future never to trouble them."

"Uncle Philip, will you allow me to interrupt you for a moment?"

"Yes, my lad."

"Will you tell me, sir, what you mean by smoking the calumet of peace?"

"Yes. It refers to an old Indian custom.—Whenever they incline to peace, a messenger is sent to the enemy with a pipe, the bowl of which is made of soft red marble; and the stem is made of a long reed, handsomely painted, and ornamented with the gay feathers of birds. This is always a protection to the messenger from any attack on the way. He then makes his proposals to the enemy, and if they are disposed to accept the terms, the peace is concluded by smoking through this pipe. This is called smoking the calumet."

"It means, then, that peace is made between two parties. Tell me now, Uncle Philip, what the Indian said to the French governor?"

"Garangula said that the Great Spirit had saved the French by causing sickness among them; for that if the war had gone on, they would all have been murdered. He declared

that the Indians had plundered none of the French except those who gave arms to their enemies ; and ended by saying that he wished to be friendly to the French, and that the hatchet should be buried, and never dug up by him or his countrymen, until the French should attack their country."

"Uncle Philip, this was a bold answer."

"Yes, and it provoked Lord de la Barre very much. However, the peace was concluded, and the French governor retired to Montreal. Shortly after this, Lord de la Barre was succeeded in the government of Canada by a man named De Nonville."

"Did he carry on this war, Uncle Philip?"

"Indeed he did. He was a man of great courage and enterprise ; and, besides this, he thought that he had been sent to the country to repair the disgrace which had fallen upon it while De la Barre was governor. Soon after he came, therefore, he marched with two thousand French and six hundred Indians against the Senecas.

"When he arrived within a mile of the chief village of the Senecas, the Indians, who lay in ambush, suddenly raised the war-whoop. Their firearms were then discharged, and this threw

the French into great confusion. They divided, fired upon one another, and ran into the woods, so that the Senecas made great destruction. At length, the French Indians rallied and repulsed them. You may judge better of this action when I tell you that on one side, one hundred Frenchmen and ten French Indians were killed; and on the other eighty Senecas lost their lives."

"A hard struggle, I suppose, Uncle Philip. One hundred and ninety lives lost in all."

"And De Nonville was so dispirited by this battle, that he could not be persuaded to pursue the enemy that day: so this gave the Senecas an opportunity to burn their village and get off."

"And they burned their town, sir?"

"Yes; and the next day, when the French governor marched forward, he found it in ashes. Only two old men remained in the castle; and when the French were disappointed in this matter, they destroyed all the corn in the fields, and then retired. But not long after this, the Five Nations committed a horrible massacre among the French at Montreal."

"Tell us all about it, Uncle Philip, if you please."

“It is said that peace was made between the French and the Five Nations, not long after the burning of the corn-fields belonging to the Senecas. I cannot say whether this was true or false ; but I am now about to tell you what produced that murder at Montreal.

“There was a tribe of Indians called the *Dinondadies*, which had been friendly to the French, but had begun to trade with the English at a place called Missilimakinac. The French began to suspect the friendship of this tribe. Their chief was a cunning man, named Adario ; and he determined to make an effort to obtain the confidence which had once been reposed in his countrymen. And now I will tell you what he did.

“The *Dinondadies* were at war with the Five Nations (the Confederates, as they were sometimes called), and Adario knew that the French also had a very great dislike to them ; so he thought that he would perform some notable action against the Five Nations, and in this way acquire the friendship of the French. Do you understand ?”

“Oh yes, sir.”

“He had also another reason for his conduct. He knew that when peace was made between

the French and the Confederates, that the French would then have time to punish him and his tribe. So he placed himself at the head of one hundred men, and intercepted the ambassadors of the Five Nations, who were travelling near him; killed some, and took others prisoners; telling them that the French governor had informed him that fifty warriors of the Five Nations were coming that way. The ambassadors were astonished at what they supposed the baseness and perfidy of the French governor; and then told the object of their journey. The crafty Adario then pretended to feel the greatest distress, anger, and shame, 'because,' he said, 'he had been made the base tool of De Nonville's treachery.'

"And what he said to the ambassadors was all false?"

"Every word of it. Then he addressed himself to the principal ambassador, named Dekanesora, and said to him, 'Go, my brethren; I untie your bonds, and send you home again, though our nations be at war. The French governor has made me commit so black an action, that I shall never be easy after it till the Five Nations shall have taken full revenge.' This outrage upon the ambassadors gave the

Confederates a great thirst for revenge; for they supposed that whatever Adario had told them was true. This is all plain, I hope?"

"Yes, Uncle Philip. This conduct of Adario shows us the cause of the massacre, of which you spoke."

"Exactly. So on the 26th of July, 1688, 1200 of the Confederates landed at Montreal, while the French were in perfect security;—burned their houses, destroyed their plantations, and put to the sword all the men, women, and children whom they found. Nearly a thousand of the French were murdered on this invasion, and twenty-six carried into captivity, and burned alive."

"That was dreadful, Uncle Philip."

"It was, indeed, my children. Never before this time had Canada sustained such a blow. When the news of this Montreal massacre reached the French fort on Lake Ontario, the men there set fire to the two barks which they had built, and abandoned the garrison. So the Confederates seized this fort also. The troubles of the French continued to increase; for scouts from the Five Nations constantly infested their borders, and prevented the cultivation of

their fields; so that they also felt the horrors of famine.

“These troubles, however, served to make friends for the English; for seven or eight of the Indian tribes, which had been friendly before this to the French, in the midst of the distress entered into terms of peace with the English. In fact, my children, nothing but the ignorance of the Indians in attacking fortified places saved Canada from being utterly reduced.”

CONVERSATION VIII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of Lieutenant-governor Nicholson—How he was forced to leave the Colony, when a man named Leisler became Governor—Tells the manner in which Indians assist their memories in making Treaties—Talks of the War between the English Colony and the French under the Governor of Canada, Count Frontenac—Massacre at Schenectady.

“THE Duke of York, of whom we have been talking, afterward became the King of England. Do you know what his name was?”

“No, Uncle Philip.”

“He came to the throne as James II. of England, and then refused to confirm the privileges granted to New-York while he was duke. Indeed, he went so far as to prohibit the meeting of the assembly.”

“Uncle Philip, that was like him; for if I remember correctly, you told us in our conversations about Virginia, that this James was the man whom the people in England refused to have for their king, when they invited William, the Prince of Orange, to reign over them?”

“Yes, James II. was the man. Of course

when he destroyed the privileges of the people in New-York, they were dissatisfied, and resolved upon resistance. Many other things besides this served to create a dislike to King James. One was, that he appointed some officers in the colony who were disagreeable to the colonists."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I am glad to hear that they resisted."

"Although many men in New-York were displeased, no man dared to resist until an example was placed before them."

"You mean, Uncle Philip, until some one set an example elsewhere?"

"True: that is my meaning, and that example was given by some of the people in Massachusetts. You know Edmund Andros had been sent as governor to Boston?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sir Edmund was very much devoted to King James, and had been so cruel in his tyranny over the people in New-England, that almost every man there despised him. So they seized and imprisoned him, and afterward sent him home to England. So soon as the citizens of New-York heard this, several of them met together to talk about having William, Prince

of Orange, for the king of England. Among these men was one named Jacob Leisler, who was most resolute and determined."

"Tell us something about him, Uncle Philip."

"That is what I am just about to do. He was a man tolerably well liked by the people though he had not much ability. He was also a man who owned some property in the colony.

"The first thing to be done was to seize the garrison in New-York. This garrison was guarded every night by the militia, but Leisler succeeded in entering it with forty-nine men."

"Where was Governor Dongan, sir?"

"He had just resigned the government to Francis Nicholson, the lieutenant-governor, and was then on board a vessel which was in the bay about to leave the province. Even after Leisler took possession of the fort, he had many enemies; for some of the people said that a man of such low origin was not the proper person to govern the colony. So when he first drew up a paper in favour of the Prince of Orange, it was signed by very few.

"The people were very much disturbed, not knowing what to do; for Leisler was entreat-

ing them to join him on one side, while the lieutenant-governor was threatening them on the other. The town was at length alarmed by a report that three ships were coming up with orders from the Prince of Orange."

"Then they were frightened, I know, Uncle Philip."

"Yes, but the report was false. However, it aided Leisler very much in his plans; for on the same day, six captains and four hundred men in New-York, and a company of seventy men from East Chester, all placed their names to the second declaration in favour of the Prince of Orange, and agreed to hold the fort for King William III. Colonel Dongan was still in the harbour waiting to see how this dispute would end; but when so many men signed the second paper, he immediately sailed."

"And what, sir, did the lieutenant-governor do?"

"He was no longer able to contend against Leisler, for his party was totally scattered; and he himself made his escape the night after the last declaration was signed."

"Uncle Philip, Jacob Leisler made himself master of New-York very easily?"

"Yes: soon after this the prince and his

wife Mary (the daughter, you know, of King James II.) were made King and Queen of England. Then Leisler sent a letter to King William, informing 'him of the state of the garrison in New-York, and telling him also how much the people liked the new king.' He concluded by promising the king that he would be sincere and faithful to him. This letter was sent by a man named Joshua Stoll."

"What was the king's answer, sir?"

"He sent him nothing more than thanks for his conduct; and I will tell you how this happened. Nicholson, the lieutenant-governor, and an Episcopal clergyman named Innis, arrived in England before Stoll. So they told King William their story, and said that Leisler and his men did not have much zeal for the Prince of Orange."

"And so Stoll got no reward, and only carried thanks back to Leisler?"

"Worse than this; for the king thought so little of the complaints against Nicholson, that he soon after sent him out as governor to Virginia. You remember his name, I suppose."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, and I have been wishing to ask if he was the same man."

"He was. Some of the citizens in New-

York still disapproved of Leisler's measures, and retired to Albany. These determined to hold the garrison there for King William, independently of Jacob Leisler. About this time a letter arrived from England for '*Governor Nicholson, or, in his absence, to such as take care of their majesties' province of New-York in North America.*'"

"The person who wrote that letter in England, I suppose, had not heard of the difficulties, and did not know that Nicholson was not in New-York?"

"True; but Leisler took the liberty of opening this letter, because, he said, he was the man who was taking care of the province. This provoked the people in Albany still more, and they resolved not to submit to Leisler.

"Then a man known by the name of Jacob Milborne (who was the son-in-law of Leisler) was sent to Albany to reduce the fort there. Upon his arrival a great number of the inhabitants armed themselves, and went to the fort where Mr. Schuyler commanded. Several others, however, went to the City Hall to talk with Milborne."

"And what did he have to say then, sir?"

"He talked very boldly against King James,

and about his cruelty; and spoke of the new king in very high terms. But he did not succeed in satisfying the people. He then went with a few men to the fort, and nearly lost his life there. Mr. Schuyler had great difficulty in preventing his own men and the Mohawk Indians (who were his friends) from firing upon Milborne and his party. So, after this, he thought it best to retreat."

"Then Milborne gained nothing, sir, by this visit to Albany?"

"Nothing. Shortly after this disappointment, however, he went there a second time upon the same business. This time he succeeded in getting possession of the fort; for the English were in great distress on account of an Indian invasion that had just happened. So soon, then, as Milborne arrived, many of the people ran away, and left the town and the fort; and their property was confiscated."

"Uncle Philip, I do not know what the word 'confiscated' means."

"When a man is guilty of a crime, in some countries, the law takes from him all his property, and it then belongs to the country or government; that is, it is no longer the man's prop-

erty, but belongs to the public treasury. This is called confiscation of property."

"I understand you, Uncle Philip: but I hardly think that those men who resisted Leisler could be called criminals; for he was not appointed a governor, but made himself one."

"True; and I do not think myself that Mil borne had any right to seize their property, but he did do it. And now I will tell you a story, which will show you the good sense and prudence which are sometimes seen in Indian actions. It is a story which occurred to me yesterday, but then I thought it best not to tell it until to-day; for it is connected with our story this morning."

"What is it? What is it, Uncle Philip?"

"While all these disturbances were going on in New-York, the people in New-England were engaged in a war with a tribe of Indians called *Owenagungas*. These Indians were friendly to the Mohawks, and many of them found protection in their country. As the Mohawks were a tribe of the Five Nations, commissioners from Boston, Plymouth, and Connecticut, were sent to Albany for the pur-

pose of persuading the Five Nations to assist them in reducing the *Owenagungas*.

“The commissioners delivered their message to *Tahajadoris*, a Mohawk sachem, and he promised an answer on the next day. In the morning, when he met them again, he made a long oration, and repeated word for word all that they had told him in their message on the day before. They were very much surprised to hear him repeating their own words so exactly, for they thought it was very strange that he should remember so well.”

“It was strange, Uncle Philip, that he should have kept their very words in his memory. I do not understand it.”

“Then I will explain it to you. Indians have a peculiar way of assisting their memories. When they meet to transact business, the sachem who presides has a bundle of sticks placed beside him. At the close of every principal article of the message delivered to them, the chief sachem gives a stick to one of the other sachems, charging him with the remembrance of that part. After the whole message is delivered, the sachems then retire; and the chief, by talking with them, is able to repeat every part of it, and then make his reply.

This is always the custom in their public treaties."

"Then, Uncle Philip, the commissioners must have seen *Tahajadoris* giving the sticks to the other sachems while they were talking?"

"Yes; but they did not know the meaning of it. You will bear in mind that this thing happened in 1689, shortly after Milborne took possession of Albany."

"But tell us, sir, if you please, whether the Indians agreed to this proposal of the New-Englanders?"

"No; they refused to fight against the *Owenagungas*; but to satisfy the commissioners, they said that they were willing to aid in disturbing the French, against whom the English had declared war four months before.

"That part of the sachem's speech confirming their friendship with the English colonies is very beautiful."

"Can you repeat some part of it for us, Uncle Philip?"

"No, my lad; but I will read it to you; and I wish you to notice the figurative style in which Indians talk. Give me that large quarto volume with a white back, James."

"Is this the one, Uncle Philip? I do not

know what you mean when you say quarto volume."

"That is the book. Bring it here; and remember that a book is called quarto, when every sheet in that book is folded and cut so as to make *four* leaves. Quarto is a Latin word, and means *in four*. Here is the passage which we look for. Listen to what the Indian said:—

" ' We promise to preserve the chain inviolably; and wish that the sun may always shine in peace over all our heads that are comprehended in this chain. We give two belts; one for the sun, and the other for its beams. We make fast the roots of the tree of peace and tranquillity which is planted in this place. Its roots extend as far as the utmost of your colonies. If the French should come to shake this tree, we would feel it by the motion of its roots, which extend into our country. But we trust it will not be in the governor of Canada's power to shake this tree, which has been so firmly and long planted with us.' "

"Uncle Philip, I should suppose that this war with the French was very injurious to the English."

"Why so?"

“Because they had trouble enough among themselves, in supporting King William, without any other difficulties.”

“That is true, and now we will talk more of this French war. The French court despatched a fleet to Canada, commanded by a man named Caffiniere. A supply of land forces were on board this fleet, and they were under the special direction of Count de Frontenac.

“The count was in high spirits on the journey; but when he reached Quebec, and heard of the success of the Five Nations against Montreal, and particularly of the loss of the fort on Lake Ontario, he was discouraged. Did I tell you that the fort there was called Frontenac?”

“No, sir; but how did it happen that the fort took the name of a man who was never before in the country?”

“He had been in the country before, in the year 1672, as governor of Canada; and it was at that time that he built this fort. He had been recalled ten years after; and now upon his return, in 1689, he heard this sad news. De Nonville was now called home, and he carried the news to France.

“The count, in order to raise the drooping

spirits of the Canadians, and to make enmity between the English and the Five Nations, determined to send out several parties against the English colonies. One of these parties, consisting of two hundred Frenchmen and some Caghnuaga Indians, started for the town of Schenectady. The people in this town had heard of their designs, but still they were in the greatest security; for it was in the depth of winter, and they supposed it impossible for any men to march so far through deep snows. But they were mistaken in their calculation. After twenty-two days march, the French fell in with Schenectady; but they were reduced so low that they had thought of surrendering themselves prisoners of war. But their scouts, who had gone before them, and were a day or two in the village unsuspected, returned with favourable accounts. They told the French that the people in the village did not expect them, and were of course unprepared to resist their attack.

“So they entered on Saturday night about midnight at the gates, which were found open, and divided into small parties of six or seven men, that they might attack every house at the same moment. The inhabitants, my children, were

all in a profound sleep, and not alarmed until their houses were broken open. Before they had risen from their beds, the enemy had entered and commenced their cruelty."

"Uncle Philip, that was awful. These stories about the Indians and French are very bloody."

"Yes; but it shows you one thing, that great hardships were encountered in the *first settlement* of our country; and when we talk of the American revolution, you will perceive that great struggles purchased the *liberty* of our country: so that we should all remember always these hardships and struggles; and the best way of showing that we do this is to obey the laws and make ourselves good citizens. In this way we may assist in preserving the country."

"Yes, Uncle Philip; my father has often told me to obey the laws of God and the laws of my country. But suppose, sir, that God's laws differed from my country's laws, which must I then obey?"

"God's laws, my child, are superior to all others, and must therefore be first obeyed. But no good government will ever make laws in opposition to the laws of God. Is this plain to you?"

“Oh yes, sir.”

“Then we will go on. The whole village of Schenectady was almost instantly in a blaze. Sixty persons were murdered, and twenty-seven carried into captivity. The rest of the inhabitants fled naked towards Albany, through the snow. ‘Twenty-five of these poor fugitives lost their limbs in the flight, from the severity of the frost.’”

“How far was the place from Albany, Uncle Philip?”

“About seventeen miles. The news reached Albany about daybreak, and they were all very much frightened there; for they heard that the enemy numbered fourteen hundred men. The French continued to pillage the town of Schenectady until the middle of the next day, and then went off with their plunder. But although they appear cruel, and really were so, I can tell you one act of theirs which looked like kindness.”

“Tell it, Uncle Philip, if you please.”

“There was a man living in Schenectady at this time, called Captain Glen. His wife had been very kind to some French captains while Colonel Dongan was governor. When he reminded the French of the former kindness of his

wife to those prisoners, the officers gave strict orders that neither Glen nor any of his family should be injured. Several old men, women, and their children, were also released at his request."

"Uncle Philip, what was done in Albany?"

"The inhabitants were all preparing to abandon the country; but several friendly sachems came to see them, urged them to remain, and promised to aid the colony in repelling the French.

"I must tell you of another circumstance which occurred this year. I mean the expedition of a man named Sir William Phips against Quebec. He sailed up the river, and came before the town. But while he was employed three days in making his arrangements for the attack, the French governor had an opportunity of bringing his forces together. So when Sir William sent his messenger to demand the surrender of the fort, he ordered him to demand also a written answer from Count de Frontenac. But this was the count's reply:—

"'I'll answer your master by the mouth of my cannon, that he may learn that a man of my condition is not to be summoned in this manner.'

“Upon this, Sir William made his attempts to land below the town; but was repulsed by the enemy, with considerable loss of men and baggage. Several of his ships, also, cannonaded the city without any success. The fort, at the same time, returned the fire, and obliged them to retire in disorder.”

CONVERSATION IX.

Uncle Philip talks to the Children about Governor Sloughter—
Tells of the Trial and Execution of Leisler and Milborne—
Talks of Richard Ingolsby, who was President for a short
time—Talks about Governor Fletcher—Tells the Children
something about General Schuyler, who was very much be-
loved by the Indians—Count Frontenac attacks the Mohawks
—Driven back by Schuyler—Sufferings of the Armies.

“GOOD morning, my children ; sit down, and I will go on with our story. In the midst of all the troubles of which we were speaking yesterday, a new governor arrived in New-York.”

“Ah, who was he, Uncle Philip?”

“Colonel Henry Sloughter was the man. He arrived in the country in the year 1691.”

“Uncle Philip, it is to be hoped that he made matters move on better.”

“Upon his arrival, Jacob Leisler refused to surrender the fort, but shut himself up in it with two men, Bayard and Nichols, whom he had before this imprisoned, because they were opposed to his government. The fort was de-

manded a second time ; and the messenger who was sent told Leisler (what he knew well enough before) that Colonel Henry Sloughter had been appointed governor of New-York.

“Then Milborne came out from the fort under the pretence of treating with Governor Sloughter ; but the truth was, children, that he was anxious to discover the governor’s designs.”

“I hope, sir, he did not succeed in his base plan ?”

“Oh no. Sloughter looked upon him as nothing more than a rebel, and threw him into prison. As soon as this was done, Leisler abandoned the fort ; so the governor entered, and took possession of this also.”

“And did Leisler escape, sir ? And what became of Bayard and Nichols ?”

“Leisler was made prisoner, and confined until his trial should come on ; the other two men were released.”

“Uncle Philip, did Leisler offer no apology for his misconduct ?”

“Yes ; but he did not call it misconduct ; for he said that he had been actuated by nothing but zeal and affection for King William in all that he had done. He said, also, that the letter which, you will remember, had been sent to

Lieutenant-governor Nicholson, but which he himself opened, had given him full power to act as governor."

"Let us hear something of his trial, if you please, Uncle Philip ; for I do not think either his conduct or his excuse good."

"His trial was very short ; for, when he was brought before his judges, they refused to give their opinions, but referred the whole matter to the governor and his council."

"And what did they say, sir ?"

"Precisely what you now say, that Leisler was wrong ; and so they pronounced him guilty of high treason, and condemned him to death. Did I tell you the day of the month on which Colonel Sloughter arrived in New-York ?"

"No, sir."

"He arrived on the 19th day of March, and on the 20th gave orders for calling together the assembly."

"He was very quick about it, Uncle Philip."

"Yes ; and I mentioned these dates on purpose that you might notice his promptness in acting for the people. This assembly met on the 9th of April, elected a man by the name of James Graham their speaker, and commenced business."

“Uncle Philip, will you tell me what you mean when you say speaker?”

“I will try to explain it. How many of you are here—let me see—eighteen, are there not?”

“Yes, sir, just eighteen.”

“Well, suppose a part of you (say, fifteen of you) were anxious that I should stop talking now and go to walk, and these fifteen should ask me to do so; but the other three were requesting that I should not do so: do you understand me?”

“Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and I wish to know what you would do in this case?”

“Then suppose I should say to you, all those who wish to go to walk will say *yes*.”

“Then fifteen of us would say *yes*, sir.”

“Then suppose I say, those who do not wish to go to walk will say *no*.”

“Then three only would say *no*.”

“Very good; then I would say, Children, we will go to walk, because most of you wish to do so.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; for there would be fifteen against three. But what do you mean by all this, sir?”

“When men meet in an assembly to do public business, they first elect a speaker. Then,

when any one of the members wishes any thing to be done, any new law to be made, or any thing of that kind, he proposes it to his fellow members."

"Well, suppose they do not agree to the proposal, sir?"

"That is generally the case: some agree and some do not. After all the reasons are given on both sides, both for and against the law, the speaker then calls for the votes."

"That is what you did just now, Uncle Philip."

"Yes, exactly."

"Then you were speaker in our assembly, sir?"

"Yes; and now can you tell me what the speaker does after he takes all the votes?"

"Why, if most of the members are in favour of the new law, and vote for it, the speaker pronounces the law to have passed; but if most of the members are opposed to the new law, he then says that the law has not passed. I suppose this is the way, sir, for that would be just like you when you took the vote about going to walk."

"Very good, my lad. I think you understand it very well; but you must remember

that besides this business of taking the votes of the members, the speaker has several other duties also."

"What are they, Uncle Philip?"

"You would not understand them now if I should tell you. One of his duties, however, is very plain; that is, to preside over the meeting and keep order."

"Well, Uncle Philip, you have made this very clear; and will you tell us now what the assembly thought of Leisler's conduct?"

"They said 'that his conduct had been illegal, and that the massacre at Schenectady was owing to him; and as for his holding the fort against Governor Sloughter, they pronounced it a downright act of rebellion.'"

"And so Leisler was executed, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes, but at this time he was in prison. Governor Sloughter proposed going up to Albany immediately after the assembly had finished business; but the members entreated that Leisler and Milborne might be executed before he went."

"Why, Uncle Philip, I should have thought it would have made very little difference whether they were hanged before or after the

governor left—they were to be hanged, and that was enough.”

“But the members had good reasons for making that request. Leisler, although he was a prisoner, had many friends; and the members of the assembly were afraid that, during the governor’s absence, these friends might rescue the prisoners and make trouble.”

“Ah! now I understand it, sir.”

“At any rate, Governor Sloughter did not seem disposed to comply with their wishes; for he even sent a message to them about reprieving the prisoners. You know what that means?”

“No, sir.”

“Reprieving means pardoning them for a time.”

“Governor Sloughter was a strange man, Uncle Philip; for he had, before this, condemned them to death.”

“But he had his reasons, also. He knew that these men deserved punishment, but he was afraid to punish two men who had so many friends, and who had aided the cause of King William and Queen Mary so much.”

“Ah, that was a very good reason, Uncle Philip; but did the legislature pardon them, sir?”

“No ; the members all insisted upon hanging Leisler and Milborne immediately, but the governor still refused to give his consent.”

“Well, what was done then, Uncle Philip?”

“I will tell you the way in which the difficulty was at last settled. The enemies of the two prisoners made a very expensive feast, and invited Governor Sloughter to attend as one of the guests. He went, and after he had drunk much more wine than he should have done, they requested him to sign the death-warrant, and he put his name to it while he was intoxicated.”

“Uncle Philip, I am sorry to hear that the governor was ever drunk.”

“Some say, my children, that this story is false ; but I am afraid that it is true. Drunkenness is an awful vice in any man.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip, it makes any man a brute.”

“Worse than a brute ; for you know a brute has not got *reason*, and man has, until he drowns his reason by drinking.”

“Yes, sir ; and I always feel ashamed when I see a drunken man, for I think of what the Bible says : ‘*Man was made after God’s own image ;*’ and when I see God’s image made

worse than a dumb beast, I am sorry indeed, Uncle Philip."

"Right, my lad; a drunken man is a pitiable object, and I am pleased to hear you talk so; and I wish to tell you one thing, my children, about drunkenness.—I never yet have seen a drunkard who loved to drink when he first began. He took a little at first, until at last he became fond of it, and then drank a great quantity."

"Yes, Uncle Philip; that was the way with poor Tom Smith."*

"Exactly, my children."

"Did Governor Sloughter allow his name to stand to the paper when he became sober, sir?"

"It was too late for him to alter it, then; for, when he recovered his senses, he found that both the prisoners had been executed. Leisler left a son when he died, and this son afterward went to England with complaints against the governor. But the complaints were not heard with much attention; for the people there thought that Leisler was a rebel, and that he deserved death."

"And what did his son do, then, sir?"

"I do not know; but Queen Mary had some

* In the Conversations on Natural History.

compassion upon the families of the prisoners, although she thought *them* rebels. So she kindly ordered 'that the estates of Jacob Leisler and Jacob Milborne should be restored to their families, as objects of her majesty's mercy.'

"These disturbances, as regards Leisler in New-York, had so occupied the minds of the citizens, that they had neglected to give the Five Nations any assistance against the French, and this caused the Mohawks to be dissatisfied—indeed, they sent a messenger to Canada to treat with Count Frontenac."

"That was bad news, Uncle Philip."

"Yes; but Governor Sloughter met the other four nations at Albany, and they were rejoiced to see him. The Mohawks confessed that they had received a belt from Canada; but they entreated the governor to give them his advice, and after this, they were again friends to the English. Then the governor returned to New York; and this was the last act of any importance which he did, for he died very suddenly."

"What was the matter, Uncle Philip?"

"I cannot say. Some people declared that he was poisoned; but that was false, for the physician opened his body after his death, and said that the story was untrue. Indeed, I do

not know what was the cause of his death; but his body was buried in old Governor Stuyvesant's vault, by the side of that of the old Dutch governor.

"Do you remember any such name as Schuyler, children?"

"Oh yes, sir, you have mentioned it before, what have you to say about him, Uncle Philip?"

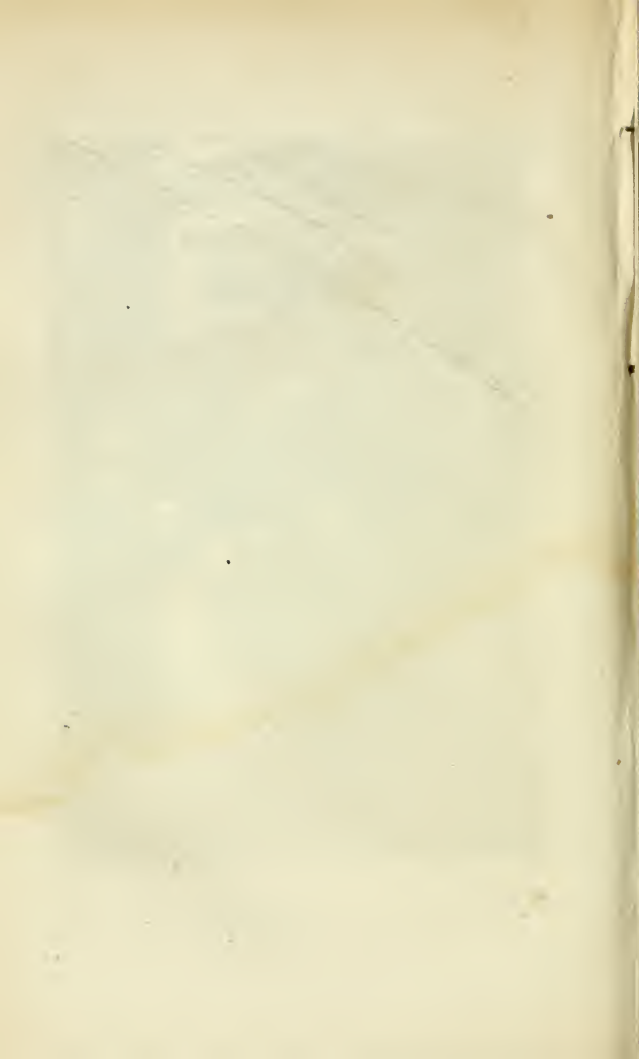
"He was very well acquainted with the Indians, and understood their character very well; and I am about to tell you the plan which he adopted for the purpose of keeping the Five Nations on friendly terms with the English."

"What was his plan, Uncle Philip?"

"He thought that, by showing the superior strength of the English over the French, he could best secure the friendship of the Indians. So, with a party of Mohawks, he passed through Lake Champlain, and made an attack upon the French settlements at the north end of it. He had several battles with them; the end of all which was that he killed about three hundred of the French, and that was a larger number than all his men put together. His plan succeeded very well indeed; for, after this, the Indians were more opposed to the French than ever. The Five Nations continued to make



Burning an Indi in Prison.



attacks almost daily upon the French, and made great trouble. They were led on by an Indian whom they called *Black Kettle*."

"That was a strange name, Uncle Philip; did the French submit to all this?"

"They were forced to submit to it, for they were unable to put a stop to it. But they took revenge in a very unjust and cruel manner. They burned an Indian prisoner alive."

"Oh dreadful! Uncle Philip."

"This was not all, my lad. They broiled his feet, cut his joints, and twisted his sinews with red hot bars of iron. Indeed, their cruelties to this poor man were almost too horrible to talk about. But the Indian continued singing in triumph, while all his sufferings were going on.

"I have told you of the death of Governo Sloughter?"

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and it is time we had looked after the next governor, for I am sure the people could not have got on we without one."

"For a short time there was no governor. The council, in the meantime, gave the command to a man named Richard Ingolsby. He was called their president. But this office did

not continue long—only until a new governor came over.”

“I wish to know the new governor’s name, sir?”

“It was Benjamin Fletcher. He had been raised a soldier, and brought over large quantities of arms and ammunition to the colony.”

“Tell me the year, if you please, Uncle Philip?”

“In 1692. Governor Fletcher soon found out that the Indians would be his worst enemies unless he made friends of them; and he discovered, also, that Peter Schuyler had a great deal of influence over them. They used to say that they would do any thing which *Quidder* commanded, for they were certain that he was their friend. So one of the first things which Fletcher did was to take Schuyler as one of his advisers.”

• “But, Uncle Philip, why did they call him *Quidder*?”

“They meant Peter—that was his name, but they could not pronounce that. This plan for keeping the peace with the Indians only provoked the French governor still more, and he determined to make another attack upon the Mohawks. So he collected an army of six

hundred French and Indians, and started from Montreal. After very great hardships, he succeeded in passing by the town of Schenectady; and, during the night, seized some of the women and children at the first Mohawk castle."

"The Mohawks must have expected them, Uncle Philip, if they built a castle?"

"No, they did not. These castles were nothing more than slight fortifications which they had put up some time before, for the sake of protecting themselves from attacks. Another castle was soon taken, for most of the Indians who belonged to that were in the town of Schenectady. At another the French found them in a war-dance, for they were preparing to go out upon an enterprise in the morning."

"And do they dance always before going to war, Uncle Philip?"

"Generally. They join in the war-dance when they wish to obtain men to march with them to battle; sometimes as a sign of victory after a battle. You will learn all about Indian dances in a book which has been published by the Messrs. Harpers for children."*

* "Indian Traits." Nos. VII. and VIII. of the "Boy's & Girl's Library."

“Oh yes, Uncle Philip, you told us of that book once before.”

“Then you must remember it hereafter. Well, at this dance, the French succeeded in taking a great many prisoners.”

“And did not these Indians fight them, sir?”

“Yes, and the French lost about thirty men. It is said that they took in return as many as three hundred captives.”

“And what did they do with them, sir?”

“They would have murdered them, had it not been for the entreaties of the French Indians to save them.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, I should have thought that the white men in Schenectady might have given the alarm to the Mohawks when the French passed through their village?”

“And the Mohawks thought so also, and were very angry because it had not been done. But the conduct of Colonel Schuyler pleased them very much. So soon as he heard of their troubles, he left Albany with two hundred men. He started so suddenly that he carried no provisions with his army, and his men had no food except such as they were able to carry in their pockets. When they reached the French army,

they had not seen food for several days. To make matters worse, my children, the weather was very cold."

"I think it was bad, indeed, Uncle Philip. War is, in itself, bad enough; but for soldiers to be without any food, and exposed to cold weather just before battle, makes war still worse."

"Very true, my lad. But there was not much fighting. After one or two skirmishes, the French commander thought that no advantage was to be gained; so the French army commenced retreating."

"What do you mean by retreating, sir?"

"Leaving the field. It was in the midst of a snow-storm that the retreat commenced, but Schuyler pursued them with his men. Pursued them so closely, too, that a mere accident enabled them to escape."

"What was it, sir?"

"When the French army reached Hudson river, which they had to cross on their way homeward, a cake of ice served them to cross over it. It was very fortunate that they reached that very spot on the banks of the river, for the river was open both above and below this cake of ice."

“Yes, sir; and if they had reached any other spot they could not have crossed, for the water would have stopped them.”

“Exactly, my lad.”

“But, Uncle Philip, why did not Schuyler cross over after them? He might have gone over in the same way.”

“Yes, but the Mohawks requested him not to do so—the weather was so very cold, and they were afraid of an engagement. So he stopped the pursuit at the banks of the river, after having retaken fifty of the Indian captives.”

“And did he lose none of his men, sir?”

“Four or five only, while the French lost as many as eighty. But both armies suffered very much from hunger. Some of the Indians who went out with the English were forced to eat the dead bodies of the French.”

“Uncle Philip, that was horrible,—worse than burning that poor Indian.”

“Awful, indeed, my children, when men are forced to eat one another to keep from starving. It is said that before the French got home, they were forced to eat even their shoes. So ended the expedition.”

CONVERSATION X.

Uncle Philip tells the Children more about Governor Fletcher and Colonel Schuyler—Talks about Robert Fulton, and tells a story about Christopher Columbus—Cruelty of Count Frontenac—Murder of an old Onondaga Sachem by the French—Arrival of Richard Earl of Bellemont, the new Governor of New-York—Death of Count Frontenac.

“UNCLE PHILIP, I like Colonel Schuyler very much. He proved himself a friend to the Five Nations just when they needed one.”

“So he did; but he was not the only one. The governor was also ready to help them. If I remember right, the news of that attack upon the Mohawks reached the city of New-York on the twelfth of February, and in less than two days Governor Fletcher started with three hundred men to their relief. He arrived at Schenectady on the seventeenth of the month, but it was too late for him to afford much assistance, for the fighting was finished before this.”

“But, sir, he showed his willingness to help them, and I think he deserved credit for that, Uncle Philip.”

“Surely he did, and he obtained it, also. The distance from New-York to Schenectady is about one hundred and sixty miles; and when the governor performed it in so short a time, the Indians gave him a new name—they called him *Cayenguirago*, or the great swift arrow.”

“Do you think that very rapid travelling, Uncle Philip?”

“It was then very rapid. The journey was made in little more than two days. It would not be considered very rapid now; but you must remember that there were then no steam-boats upon the North river, in which these men might have travelled. This was in the year 1693; and the first steam-boat that was known in America was launched in the year 1807.”

“Uncle Philip, I did not think of that. Before you go on, will you tell me more about that steam-boat, sir?”

“What do you wish to know about it?—you have all seen steam-boats, I suppose?”

“Oh yes, sir. But who made this first boat, Uncle Philip? and in what water did she first move?”

“She was made under the direction of a man named Robert Fulton, and her first experiment

was on this very river of which we were speaking."

"The Hudson, sir?"

"Yes; and to show you how much people have improved since in making steam-boats, I must tell you one fact. This first boat travelled only five miles in one hour.—And you know that the steam-packets up the North river now travel more than twice as fast."

"But, Uncle Philip, I have heard of Robert Fulton before. Was not he an American, sir?"

"Yes, he was born at a place called Little Britain, in Lancaster county, in the state of Pennsylvania; and he was no common man, children. We may all feel proud of him as our countryman."

"Well, Uncle Philip; I have heard somewhere before that Mr. Fulton was the inventor of steam-boats; and I remember that I once heard a boy say that many other men might have done this as well as Mr. Fulton."

"And what did you say to that boy?"

"I told him that I thought it was very strange, if so many could have done it, that none of them did it."

"A very good remark, my lad—and now tell

me if any one of you ever heard the story about Christopher Columbus and the Spanish king, when they dined together?"

"No, sir."

"Then I will tell it to you; and I wish that the little boy who talked so foolishly about Mr Fulton was here to listen.

"After Columbus had discovered America, he was very kindly received by the King of Spain when he returned home. Some of the Spanish noblemen were not pleased that he should receive much attention from King Ferdinand.—On one occasion he was invited to dine with the king and many of these noblemen. Columbus went, and the king noticed him very kindly at the table. After these noblemen had been drinking wine for some time, they began to reproach Columbus, and said that any man might have done what he had done. They said, in fact, that 'the discovery of America was mere chance.' Columbus heard them with great patience. At length he took an egg from the dish, and asked if any one at the table could make it stand on its end. They all made the attempt, but no one could do it. 'Give it to me, gentlemen,' said Columbus. He then took the egg, and breaking it at one of

ends, it stood at once. They all cried out, 'Why, I could have done that.'—'Yes, if the thought had struck you,' said Columbus; 'and if the thought had struck *you*, you might have discovered America.'"

"This is a good story, Uncle Philip; and I wish with all my heart that William Brown was here to learn how foolish he had been."

"But you do not wish to make any one feel foolish?"

"No, no, Uncle Philip; not for the sake of making him feel so—but when any one perceives his own folly, we may then hope that he will drop it."

"Very good; and we will now go back to our story."

"Excuse me, Uncle Philip, for interrupting you; but I hope you will tell us more about our countryman, Mr. Fulton, at some other time."

"Perhaps so; but now for our story. You would have supposed, after all this kindness on the part of Fletcher and Schuyler, that the Indians would have kept terms of peace with them for a long time."

"Surely, sir, or they were very ungrateful."

"And so they were. One of the tribes went

so far as to sue for peace with the French. It was the Oneida tribe. The truth is, that the French had been very cunning; they had sent several Frenchmen among the Indians to persuade them to make peace with them. The most active of these men was one named Milet. To prevent all this, Fletcher met the Five Nations at Albany, and carried with him a large present of knives, hatchets, ammunition, and clothing, which had been sent over for them by the King of England. Here again they expressed great gratitude, both to the king and the governor; and they promised to deliver up to the governor this old man, Milet—but they never performed the promise.

“The governor then returned to New-York, and shortly after met the assembly. But he did very little with this or any other assembly, except quarrel with the members—and yet I have sometimes thought that he was a good man.”

“And quarrelling, too, sir?”

“Yes. He had one very great infirmity—that was a *hasty temper*. This caused him to commit sin. He was anxious that the assembly should make provision for the clergy and for churches, and they seemed unwilling to do

so; this was the constant cause of dispute. Give me that old book on the chair, Thomas—I mean the one with part of the covering torn off; I think I can prove to you that he was a good man.

“Let me see—here it is. This, my children, is a part of one of his messages to the assembly: ‘*Let us not forget that there is a God that made us, who will protect us if we serve him.*’—‘*I hope you are all satisfied of the great necessity and duty that lies upon you to do this, as you expect his blessing upon your labours.*’ That sounds very much like a good man.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Now, listen to a part of another message: ‘*In your conduct you have shown a great deal of stiffness. You take upon you as if you were dictator.*’ You know a dictator means one who commands or dictates.”

“That sounds very insolent, Uncle Philip.”

“Very, indeed; and there he shows the hasty temper of which I spoke. Many people think that he was a very wicked man; but I myself cannot believe that he was. I am sorry that he did not keep his temper under better con-

trol ; but I pity this weakness for the sake of his other good qualities."

" Well, Uncle Philip, did he succeed in building any churches ?"

" When you go to New-York, you will see Trinity church standing in Broadway, directly opposite Wall-street. Indeed, you will see it from the deck of the steam-boat, before you reach the city ; for the church steeple is near two hundred feet high. This church was built in the year 1696, while Fletcher was governor. It did not look then exactly as it does now ; for the present is comparatively a new church.

" But, besides his trouble with the assembly, Fletcher had further trouble with the Indians. Although they had promised to give up Milet, they had not done it ; and the old man had succeeded in making many of them friends to the French. Indeed, the Indians had allowed them to rebuild Fort Frontenac, which commands the entrance from Canada into Lake Ontario. This, you know, was an important station to the French.

" Governor Fletcher went again to Albany with presents for the Indians, and blamed them

very much for suffering the French to rebuild that fort."

"And I suppose they professed friendship again, sir?"

"Yes; and at the same time the Five Nations made a peace with the tribe of *Dinondadies*. This tribe lived near Lake Missilimakinac, and the Five Nations had before this always been afraid to march all their force against the French because of these very Indians. One of the Indians who assisted in making this treaty was taken by the French, and murdered in a most cruel way—too cruel, my children, to relate. He was roasted alive at the stake!"

"Uncle Philip, this was worse than savage cruelty."

"It was savage butchery, indeed. But Count Frontenac was a cruel man, and he determined to punish the Indians for their friendship with the English. It is said, that the French never had so active a governor in Canada, either before or after, as this man. And he was active, indeed, my children; for he spared no means of making conquests for the French government, however wicked or cruel. He had grown old in Canada, and he hated the Indians, if possible, still more than

ever. He resolved to make another attack—more particularly upon the Onondagas.

“He collected a large army, and started from Montreal. After twelve days’ march, they arrived at Fort Frontenac, and immediately crossed the lake to Oswego.”

“Lake Ontario, you mean, sir?”

“Yes; look on the map, and you will see. Here they divided. Fifty men marched on each side of the Onondaga river, in order that they might certainly avoid being discovered in their approach. They went down as far as the Lake Onondaga, some in boats and some on foot, determined that some one of these different parties should surprise the Indians.”

“And were the Onondagas expecting them, sir?”

“Oh yes; and were ready to fight, for they had sent their wives and children far away to places of safety. But an accident prevented their destruction.”

“How? How, Uncle Philip?”

“Fortunately for them, a deserter came over and told them of the superior strength of the French. He told them, also, of the bombs which the French had, and which would prove very dangerous to them.”

“Will you tell me what a bomb is, Uncle Philip?”

“It is a hollow ball made of iron, and filled with powder, nails, and pieces of iron. A slow match is fixed to this ball—it is then thrown from the mouth of a cannon into the midst of the enemy, and when it bursts does great mischief.”

“The deserter’s news was fortunate news indeed, sir.”

“It was; and the Onondagas, after setting fire to their village, retired to the woods. As soon as the count heard of this, he marched to their smoking huts, determined to murder all that he could find. And yet, my children, though this man was so bloodthirsty, he was, at that very time, so weak that he was carried in an elbow-chair behind his army.”

“And how many did he murder, sir?”

“Ah! here he was disappointed; for he found but one old man amid the ruins.—This was an old Indian sachem about one hundred years old, who was waiting to receive him. The French Indians seized him, and began to torture him; but he bore his sufferings like a brave man.—One of them stabbed him with a knife. The old man looked at him and said,

I.—N

‘you had better make me die by fire, that these French dogs may learn how to suffer like men: you Indians, their allies, you dogs of dogs, think of me when you are in the like condition.’”

“Uncle Philip, this old man was brave, indeed.”

“Well, children; this Onondaga sachem was the only person killed, and after this Count Frontenac returned home.”

“To France, Uncle Philip?”

“Oh no, to Canada; for he died there, as you will learn, as I go on. This enterprise had been so expensive, and the Five Nations continued to make such attacks upon the French, that there was a famine in Canada. But still the old count kept up his opposition, and was constantly sending out scalping parties to disturb the people in Albany and its neighbourhood, until he was stopped by the peace of Ryswick, in the year 1697.”

“What was the peace of Ryswick, sir?”

“It was a treaty of peace which was made between England, Germany, Holland, France, and Spain, in the year 1697. Before this these countries had been at war. Ryswick, you know, is a town in Holland; and as this treaty



Torturing an Indian Sachem.



was signed at that town, it is commonly called the treaty of Ryswick. Do you understand me?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle Philip; and as this treaty was signed on the part of England and France, that stopped the fighting in Canada."

"Yes; and now, as soon as this treaty was signed, a new governor came out from England to New-York. His name was Richard Earl of Bellemont. He brought out with him a man called John Nanfan, who was to be lieutenant-governor. One of the first things to be attended to by this governor, was the exchange of English and French prisoners. But in this matter old Count Frontenac gave more trouble about the manner of giving up the prisoners."

"What was the difficulty, Uncle Philip?"

"It would require some time to explain it, and I hardly think it is worth your attention. The French governor died, however, before the business was finished, and his successor, Monsieur de Callieres, settled it. And this was the last of old Count Frontenac"

CONVERSATION XI.

Uncle Philip takes a walk with the Children, and talks about the Pirate Kidd—Earl of Bellemont's death—Talks of Lord Cornbury, the new Governor—Shows the Children what a base man he was—Tells how Queen Anne removed him from office, and sent Lord Lovelace to be Governor in his place—Talks of Richard Ingolsby—Speaks of Five Indians who went to see Queen Anne—Governor Hunter arrives—The English fail in an attempt upon the French in Canada.

“Good morning, Uncle Philip—you have your hat and stick in your hand, as though you were going to take a walk, sir.”

“How do you all do, my young friends?—I am going to walk. I have just heard of an old neighbour of mine who is very sick. He lives about two miles from me, and I am glad you have come just at this moment; for if you feel disposed, I will have your company.”

“Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and much obliged to you, too.”

“Come on, then; you can go with me as far as the old man's house, and then you can return home; for he wishes to see me alone.”

“Very good, sir; and now what about the Earl of Bellemont, sir?”

“Oh yes. He met trouble as soon as he reached New-York—first in exchanging the prisoners, you know; and also he had difficulties about some pirates.”

“Pirates are wicked men who rob people on the ocean—are they not, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes. A complaint had before this gone to England, saying that many pirates found protection in the harbour of New-York. So the King of England instructed the new governor to stop this when he should reach the country. In order to do this, the earl, before he left England, sent out a vessel commanded by a man called William Kidd, for the purpose of capturing these pirates. In the expense of fitting out this vessel, many English gentlemen assisted. But Kidd turned pirate himself, burned his vessel, and went to Boston.”

“Uncle Philip, stop one moment, if you please, while I run down to the beach, and ask those men what they are digging for.”

“Make haste, then, and be careful that you are not hurt. An English ship was afterward sent out after this man Kidd, but she was driven back by headwinds; and some people said

that those English gentlemen who fitted out Kidd's vessel were glad of it."

"Why, Uncle Philip?"

"The people said that it was well known that Kidd was a pirate before he went out · and that these gentlemen were to have part of his plunder."

"Uncle Philip, do you believe that?"

"Not one word of it. But here are the boys running back. What did the men say, my children?"

"There are but two of them there; and they said they would not tell us what they were doing, and ordered us to go away."

"Then I think I can tell you what it means. The foolish men are digging for gold and silver, which they think this very man, Kidd, and his crew, buried along the shore more than one hundred years since."

"Do you suppose there is any money there, Uncle Philip?"

"No, no; but foolish people are very often digging on the shores of Long Island and Connecticut for Kidd's money. I do not believe that any was buried there; and if there was, I suppose that the man who put it there has taken it away, and had the use of it long ago."



Digging for Kidd's money.



“Uncle Philip, tell us what became of Kidd?”

“Earl Bellemont went to Boston in the year 1699, on business, and there heard of him. Kidd was ordered to explain what he had done. He refused; and he was arrested, with several of his men. They were all tried, condemned, and hanged.”

“As they deserved to be, sir.”

“Surely. The earl died soon after this, just as he was beginning to be useful to the people. It was in the year 1701.”

“He was governor for a short time, Uncle Philip?”

“Between three and four years; and if he had lived longer, the people would have done better, perhaps.”

“Why, Uncle Philip? Who succeeded him?”

“The lieutenant-governor, John Nanfan, managed the colony for a short time, until the arrival of Lord Cornbury, one of the worst governors ever known in America. John Nanfan was cruel, but the new governor was more cruel than him. I will tell you something about this man.

“Lord Cornbury was an English nobleman,

and was the son of the Earl of Clarendon. When the Prince of Orange was made king, he became a warm friend to King William. The king, to reward him, it is supposed, made him governor of New-York; and Queen Anne, also, who succeeded William III., gave him the same appointment. He came to the country poor, and left many debts in England unpaid. As soon as he arrived in the country, he released a man by the name of Bayard from prison, whom Nanfan had placed there."

"Uncle Philip, that was not so bad."

"No; but he did this, I believe, merely because Bayard had declared in favour of him before his arrival. It was cruel to place Bayard there; 'ut this new governor did worse things than this."

"Will you tell us what he did, sir?"

"He made use of the public money which was committed to him. He told falsehoods to the people—he persecuted those who would not think exactly as he did in matters of religion—he disputed continually with the assembly; and for six years, oppressed the people so much that, at length, the assembly of New-Jersey sent a complaint against him to Queen Anne."

“Was he governor of New-Jersey also, sir?”

“Yes; the queen had given him that government also. But when these complaints were forwarded against him, she turned him out of office, and declared Lord Lovelace governor in his place.”

“Uncle Philip, I think well of Queen Anne.”

“Indeed, she was a good woman—so very kind to her subjects that she was always called ‘*the good Queen Anne*.’ As soon as the queen had done this, the people in New-York threw Lord Cornbury into prison, and there he remained until the death of his father. When Earl Clarendon died, his son went home to succeed him in the earldom; and when he left here, my children, he was unable and unwilling to pay his debts in this country; so that many poor tradesmen who worked for him were left, themselves and families, without any money for their labour.”

“Then he was base, sir.”

“And you must remember that he was Queen Anne’s cousin; and that proves that she would not suffer even her relations to oppress her people.”

“What sort of a man was this Lord Lovelace, uncle?”

“He was not in the country long enough for us to know what he would have been. He brought with him large supplies of soldiers, and presents for the Indians, and of course the people were all happy to see him. The assembly, also, voted to give him a very good salary—about sixteen hundred pounds, I think, which was a large supply of money.”

“And how happened it, sir, that he was here a short time?”

“He died soon after he came here, my children. The members of the assembly acted very strangely after his death; for though Lady Lovelace remained in the country for some time, entreating that she might receive a portion of the promised salary, it was a long time before she succeeded. Indeed, Queen Anne herself had to write a letter in her behalf.

“As soon as Lord Lovelace was dead, Richard Ingolsby, the lieutenant-governor, took the command of affairs.”

“Why, Uncle Philip, have we not heard of him before?”

“Yes; this was the same man who governed for a short time after Slougher’s death.”

“ And what was done by him now, Uncle Philip ; for, if I remember right, he did very little before.”

“ His government was this time only remarkable for an attempt to conquer Canada.”

“ The French and English again at war, sir ?”

“ Yes. I should have told you before, that in the year 1702, the first year of Queen Anne’s reign, the English again declared war against the French. In this expedition against Canada, all the people were pleased—the legislature also approved of it—all the men in New-England promised to give their assistance ; and Francis Nicholson was chosen general. You know we talked of him before ?”

“ Yes, Uncle Philip ; and I wish to know how all this ended.”

“ A large army was collected, and they all met at Albany, for that was the place of meeting ; but, after all, the whole scheme failed.”

“ What was the matter, sir ?”

“ The people in New-York, my children said that Canada was not conquered, because their friends did not help them as they promised. They declared that the fault was not with them ; and I am sure that it was true, for they

spared neither time nor money in doing all that was in their power. Most of the forts which were erected, were built at their expense; besides a great number of boats and canoes, for the purpose of carrying the army over the lakes. In fact, they obtained as many as six hundred Indians for their army; and fed a thousand Indian women and children, while their husbands and brothers were out on the campaign."

"And did they never make an attack, Uncle Philip?"

"None. But I must not omit to mention that brave man, Colonel Schuyler. He disliked the French very much; and he knew that it would be impossible to make that attack upon them without securing the friendship of the Five Nations. To do this, he spent a large part of his own fortune in buying presents for their chiefs. They never came to Albany without going to his house; and they used to sit at his table, and eat dinners with him. So you see that all these Indians were ready to fight against Canada."

"Uncle Philip, they ought to have tried that battle at all hazards."

"Oh no, my lad. They were disappointed

in receiving some British troops from Boston ; and, altogether, I think they knew more about the danger than we do."

" Yes, sir, I know that."

" But Colonel Schuyler was not to be stopped by this failure. He resolved to go to England and see the queen, and entreat her to assist them in making another effort against Canada. He determined, too, to pay his own expenses in this matter, and to carry out with him five Indian sachems."

" And did they go, sir ?"

" Oh yes ; they all went, and laid their petition before Queen Anne."

" Uncle Philip, in what part of England does the queen live ?"

" In London. Why did you ask that question ?"

" I was thinking, sir, how strangely those Indians must have felt—how much they must have been surprised, when they saw such a city as London !"

" And so they were ; but the people in London were quite as much surprised to see them. They followed them through the streets to look at them ; and made small pictures of them, and sold them in their shops as

curiosities. But they did not look so strangely as you suppose. Do you know what sort of clothes Indians commonly wear?"

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip; I have seen an Indian. They wear blankets over their shoulders."

"Yes; but these were not dressed in that way. When they reached England, the English court was in mourning for the Prince of Denmark. All the English noblemen had black clothes; and when these Indians went before the queen, they put on black clothes, also, as a mark of respect. They wore over their shoulders scarlet mantles, trimmed with gold edging. So, I suppose, they looked like civilized men. But I imagine they felt strangely when they were placed in the carriages to ride to St. James's palace. But we will leave these men in England for awhile, and return to New-York. While they were there, Ingolsby was displaced; and a man called Gerardus Beekman ruled the colony for three months. He then gave up the government to Colonel Hunter, who came over as the new governor. This man is quite a favourite with me, my children; so I will tell you every thing that I know about him."

"If you please, sir."



at the English Court



“He was born in Scotland; and when he was quite a boy, he was put apprentice to an apothecary. But as he did not like this, he left his master and went into the army. How he was pleased there I do not know—indeed, I know nothing more of him until the year 1707. In that year he was sent out as lieutenant-governor to Virginia; but was captured by the French on his voyage, and carried to France as a prisoner. When he returned to England, he was appointed by the queen governor of New-York and New-Jersey. I have seen a letter, my children, which a man named Jonathan Swift, commonly called Dean Swift, wrote to Colonel Hunter while he was in prison in France. When you are old enough to understand it you can read the letter, and you will then see that Colonel Hunter was an intimate friend to Mr. Joseph Addison.”

“Who was he, Uncle Philip?”

“He was a very good man, who lived in England about this time; and I mentioned the fact, because I do not think that such a man as Mr. Addison would have been a friend to Hunter, unless he had been a good man.”

“Oh, I understand you, sir.”

“Hunter brought over with him near three

thousand Germans, who had come to England the year before. Some of these men settled on the North river; but most of them went to the state of Pennsylvania. They were very much pleased with the country, and sent such favourable accounts to Germany that many of their countrymen came over. And I wish that more of them would come, for they make very honest and industrious citizens. I am never sorry to see a vessel from Holland or Germany filled with emigrants. And here Queen Anne again showed her kindness, for she treated these Germans as well as if they had been Englishmen.

“When Hunter reached the country, he first went to Albany, to meet the chiefs of the Five Nations and renew the old covenant of peace with them,—and after that he called the assembly.—And in this assembly he had some able men;—I wish you to remember the names of two.—One is Mr. De Lancey—the other Colonel Morris. Mr. De Lancey had fled to this country from France to avoid persecution for his religion. He was what is called a Protestant, and some of the French people were at that time persecuting these very Protestants. So it became dangerous for him to remain

there. He was very useful in Colonel Hunter's assembly.

"Colonel Morris was the son of an Englishman, who had come to the country and settled in Westchester county, in this state. His father died when he was quite young; and young Lewis was left to the care of his uncle. He was a wild boy, and frequently gave offence to this uncle. On one occasion he behaved so badly, that he was afraid of the resentment of his uncle, and strolled away into Virginia; and from thence he went to Jamaica, in the West Indies."

"And what did he do there, Uncle Philip?"

"He succeeded in supporting himself very readily; for he set up as a scrivener."

"What is a scrivener, sir?"

"He is a man who writes deeds and conveyances, as they are called by lawyers. You are hardly old enough to understand it, but I will try to explain it. Suppose, Thomas, that I should sell you my house; it would be necessary for me to give you a paper, stating that the house was hereafter to be yours."

"Well, sir."

"Then that paper is called a deed: it must

be written in a particular way, and the person who writes it is called a scrivener."

"Oh, that is all clear."

"After several years spent in this way, Lewis Morris returned to his uncle; and the old gentleman received him with great kindness. He lived then, for a long time, in New-Jersey; and he was the very man who drew up that complaint against Lord Cornbury, and carried it to the queen. So you see that Morris was now a man of some consequence in the colony; and Mr. Hunter chose him as one of his friends and advisers."

"Uncle Philip, I want to hear something more about the five Indians."

"Well, my lad; after they had seen all the curiosities of London, and been entertained by many men of distinction, they returned: and there is an amusing story told of one of them. It is said that when he saw carpets on the floors in London, he thought it was very foolish, and said that the English did not know how to make use of their articles: so he purchased a piece to make a blanket for his shoulders; but it was rather too heavy, and he did not like it. I have heard this story, but cannot say that it is true."

“Uncle Philip, that was strange. But did they succeed in getting assistance?”

“Not immediately. Colonel Nicholson, with the help of some of the New-England people, made a very successful attack upon the coast of Nova Scotia; and after that the people were encouraged, and he entreated again that forces might be sent over to reduce Canada. Then it was that the queen recollected the requests of these Indians, and she resolved to help them.”

“And now for the war upon Canada, Uncle Philip.”

“Queen Anne immediately started five thousand troops from England. After a month’s passage, the fleet arrived at Boston on the 4th of June, 1711. Nicholson, you know, was to be commander of the land forces; so he went straight to New-York to look for soldiers.”

“And I feel sure, almost, that he found them, sir.”

“Yes, you are right. Mr. Hunter called the assembly at once. They were all pleased with the plan, and they passed a law for the purpose of raising forces. So every thing went on well. While these preparations were

making in New-York, a fleet of twelve men of-war and forty smaller vessels, all well filled with soldiers and warlike stores, sailed for Canada from Boston; and in a short time Colonel Nicholson appeared at Albany, with an army of four thousand men."

"But, Uncle Philip, did all these men come from New-York?"

"Oh no; some were from New-England, and some from New-Jersey; and Colonel Schuyler was there, also, my children, with six hundred Indians of the Five Nations, to join the English army."

"Oh, Uncle Philip, that looks well. Go on, sir, and let us hear all about it. Did the French expect this attack, sir?"

"Yes. Vaudreuil, their governor, was at Montreal when he heard of it. He sent orders immediately to Quebec, to have that place put in order for defence, and commanded all the men to be ready to march at a moment's warning. About four hundred Indians, also, came to Montreal to offer him their services. This French governor, boys, knew what he was doing; for, he not only fortified Quebec, but he placed guards at all the principal posts on both sides of the river below that town. That

was done to prevent the English from landing anywhere upon the shore.

“In a short time the fleet appeared in the mouth of the river St. Lawrence. And now, children, the English had more trouble again. It was very dark and foggy, and they were out of sight of land; and the whole fleet was driven over upon the north shore of the river, among rocks and islands.”

“What a pity, Uncle Philip! Were any of the ships lost?”

“The men-of-war all escaped; but eight of the smaller vessels, with eight hundred officers, soldiers, and seamen, were cast away. As soon as they could, they retired to a safe place, to hold a council of war, to know what was to be done.”

“And what was done, Uncle Philip?”

“Their provisions were nearly exhausted, and they were not certain of getting a supply from New-England; so they determined to go home.”

“Then all that was for nothing again, sir?”

“All for nothing. But this was not the only trouble—for one of the English ships was blown up. She had on board at the time, my children, more than four hundred people. And this was the last of this expedition.”

“It was a sad ending, Uncle Philip.

“Sad, indeed. And now, children, you can see the top of my old friend’s house, just over the hill. So you can now return home, while I pay my visit. Good morning to you all.”

“Farewell, Uncle Philip.”

CONVERSATION XII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of Hunter’s Return to England
—Reads part of a Letter to prove that he was a good man
—Tells how Peter Schuyler ruled for a short time, until Mr. Burnet, the new Governor, arrived—Tells who William Burnet was, and proves that he loved his country.

“Good morning, Uncle Philip. How did you find the old man, sir?”

“Much better—much better, my lad. I think he will be well in a day or two.”

“I am glad to hear that, sir. Uncle Philip, I cannot avoid smiling whenever I think of that Indian and the carpets in London.”

“It was a little strange, my lad; but I have heard of greater mistakes than that. It is said that some of the Indians in Virginia, the first time they seized a quantity of gunpowder from the whites, sowed it for grain—expecting to reap a large crop by the next harvest; and then

they thought they would blow away the whole colony."

"What a mistake, Uncle Philip!"

"Yes; and I have read of one quite as great among the people in Norway. The frozen Norwegians, when they first saw roses, were afraid to touch them, it is said."

"Why, sir?"

"Because they thought that they were trees budding with fire. But these were very natural mistakes after all, children."

"Yes, sir; for the Indians did not know the nature of powder: and the people in that cold country, Norway, knew nothing about a rose-bush."

"Where did we leave off? We talked last of the return of the fleet from Canada, and the blowing up of the English ship Edgar, did we not?"

"Yes, sir; but you did not tell us the name before."

"As soon as the Marquis de Vaudreuil heard that the fleet was gone—"

"But, Uncle Philip, excuse me for interrupting you; will you tell me how he heard it?"

"Some French fishing-boats were in the river, and they saw the fleet move off."

“ And they carried the news, sir ?”

“ Yes. As soon, then, as the French governor heard it, he collected three thousand men to oppose Nicholson’s army.—But this was useless ; for the army returned as soon as they heard the bad news about the fleet, and left the citizens of Albany dreadfully frightened. And they had cause to be so ; for small parties of the French continued to plague them for a long time.

“ But the worst part of all this business was this :—The failure caused the Indians to think that the English were not so strong as the French. And, you know, this would be likely to make them friends to the French. And some of them were very much dissatisfied with the English, and disposed to go to war with them—indeed, some sent belts of wampum to some of the other tribes ; which was an invitation to be at peace with them, but to make war upon the English.”

“ What does *wampum* mean, sir ?”

“ Indian money is commonly called *wampum*. But what I mean here was a belt made of a particular sort of shells, which I think I have told you before was given as a token of peace sometimes.

“But this was not the only danger of the English. There was an insurrection at this time in the city of New-York.”

“What was the matter there, Uncle Philip?”

“Some of the negroes there became dissatisfied, from what cause I cannot say; but they formed a plot to set fire to the city. They succeeded in burning one house in the night, and murdered many of the white people, who were making efforts to extinguish the fire. The end of all this, my children, was the execution of nineteen of these negroes for their wickedness. But, fortunately for the English, another peace was made at this time with the French.”

“Ah, Uncle Philip, that was fortunate. What was the year?”

“In the year 1713 it was concluded, and it is commonly called the peace of Utrecht.”

“Because it was signed there, I suppose, sir?”

“Yes; and do you know where the place is situated?”

“Surely, Uncle Philip, we know that. It is in Holland, southeast of Amsterdam.”

“Was Queen Anne still on the throne when that peace was made, sir?”

“Yes; and she lived more than a year after it, and was then succeeded by King George the First.

“This defeat in the attack upon Canada had cost a large quantity of money, so that the colony was much in debt; and this made difficulty between Mr. Hunter and the legislature. But still the members respected him very much, although they differed in opinion with him.—I can tell you a story to prove this. There was one man in the legislature who did not like Governor Hunter, and he sent a report to England, filled with abuse of him. This paper was printed, and some miserable fellows delivered copies of it at the door of the English House of Commons to the members as they went in. But these gentlemen would not notice it. When Hunter heard that this paper had been sent to England, he informed the New-York legislature of it. This legislature declared that the charges in the paper were false and malicious, and expressed great contempt for the man who wrote it.”

“And who did write it, Uncle Philip? Was it ever discovered?”

“It was thought that a man named Mulford had done it, but it was not certain. Not long

after this, Mr. Hunter began to talk of returning home."

"Were all the people now so much pleased with him, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes. He said that his health was bad, and that he had private business in England. He said, too, that he was proud to call himself their countryman; and promised that if he could, he would return to them. Every person was sorry when the governor talked of leaving them; for he had treated them kindly, and watched their interests closely. This morning, before you came, I looked into the letter which the legislature sent to him when he expressed his determination. I thought that you would like to hear it."

"Yes yes, Uncle Philip."

"It will show you the feelings of the people better than anything that I can say. Here is a part of it:—

"We have seen many governors, and may see more; and as none of them who had the honour to serve in your station were ever so justly fixed in the affections of the governed, so those to come will acquire no mean reputation, when it can be said of them their conduct has been like yours."

"Ah, Uncle Philip, that was kind. I like to see such feeling between a governor and his people. It proves that he treated them kindly."

"I think so. After this, Mr. Hunter went home, and for a little while our old friend to the Indians took care of the colony."

"Do you mean Colonel Schuyler, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then, I'll engage for it, he did something for the Five Nations."

"You are right. He only ruled for a short time, until Mr. Burnet, the new governor, should arrive; but in that short time he did something for the Indians. He went immediately to Albany, and made the league still stronger with them."

"Uncle Philip, Mr. Schuyler was a very useful man, I think."

"Very useful: in fact, I hardly know how the English could have done without him in their troubles with the Indians."

"Yes, sir; for the savages would have been their most dangerous enemies without him. But who was this Mr. Burnet, Uncle Philip?"

"Ah, my children, he was another good governor. I am glad to talk of him, for I always like to speak of a good man; and I think that

William Burnet deserved the name. He was both able and conscientious. And he should have been so, my children."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, every person ought to be conscientious."

"But Mr. Burnet had better reason for being so than others. He was the son of a great and good man. Did you ever hear of Bishop Burnet?"

"No, Uncle Philip."

"When you are older, and begin to read large books, and to study the lives of great men, you will become acquainted with Bishop Burnet. He was a Scotchman, born in the city of Edinburgh, and he was the father of this governor."

"And you mean, Uncle Philip, that he should have been a good man, because his father was?"

"Yes; and do you not think so, also? I feel sad when I look upon wickedness anywhere; but it is a sad, sad thing, when we see a wicked son disgracing a pious father—not only disgracing him, but sometimes killing him by his wickedness. If I had a father who was a great and good man, I should strive to be like him; that people might not point at me

and say that my parent was good, but that I was wicked."

"Surely, surely, Uncle Philip."

"Mr. Burnet held an office in the city of London. I think he was what is called 'comptroller of the customs' there, when Hunter arrived. So he gave up his office to Hunter, and then came to this country."

"Then, Uncle Philip, they exchanged offices—that was all."

"True. But before he left England, he learned from Mr. Hunter much about the New-York people—about their habits, and their manners, and their wishes; all which aided him very much in ruling them satisfactorily.

"Governor Burnet had been well educated, my children, and he was fond of his books. He liked very much to have his time to himself for reading and writing. This is the way with most scholars. Although Burnet liked this, he did not practise it. Instead of keeping to himself, he constantly mixed with the people, and was very polite and kind to them."

"Then I should suppose, Uncle Philip, that he would have been a great favourite with them?"

"So he was at first. The members of the

legislature looked to him with great pleasure and pride, for they declared that they believed their governor to be 'the worthy son of a worthy father.' But, like every man, whether good or bad, he had some enemies; and now I must tell you who they were.

"At the time of Governor Burnet's arrival, the French in Canada were in the habit of going to Albany, buying articles there from the English—then returning to Canada, and there selling them again to the Indians. You will see plainly, my children, that this would carry the Indians to Canada for the purposes of trade, instead of carrying them to Albany. Besides this, it gave the French a very fine opportunity for making the Indians enemies to the English. Am I understood by you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Burnet, then, saw these difficulties, and he caused a law to be passed forbidding this French trade to Albany. This gave offence; for some of the merchants in Albany, who sold the goods and were making money, were unwilling to lose any part of their trade."

"Then they were willing to make money, Uncle Philip, even at the expense of their country?"

“ Yes, that is the plain meaning of it ; and this will serve to show you, my children, that too great a love of money will make any man base. These merchants in Albany caused some of the London merchants to complain to the king of Mr. Burnet. But this did not injure him ; for some of his friends proved very plainly that the law was a very good one.”

“ I am glad of that, sir ; for I think that Mr. Burnet was right.”

“ Yes, my lad ; but he went farther than this. He saw that it was necessary, if possible, for him to get the possession of Lake Ontario. So he built a trading-house at Oswego.”

“ Did the French allow this, sir ?”

“ Of course, they were opposed to it ; and I am sorry to tell you that the people in Albany secretly violated this law, and traded with the French ; indeed, it is said, that they sold arms and ammunition to them. But of this I am not certain. However, the new settlement at Oswego continued to do so well that the French became alarmed. They thought that it would ruin their trade with the Indians altogether. And now look up at Lake Ontario on the map. You know that the French had already built Fort Frontenac at the east end of it ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ And they now determined to build a large storehouse at the west end of it also, and thereby command the whole lake. So they launched two ships on the lake, and sent a large supply of materials to Niagara. Do you see the place ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ This was to be the spot for building their new storehouse. They thought that this would ruin Oswego ; for they supposed that the Indians, who came from the west to traffic, would stop at Niagara, instead of going two hundred miles farther to Oswego.”

“ And did the French succeed, sir ?”

“ Oh yes. They erected a new storehouse and repaired the old fort, and the Onondaga Indians gave them permission to do it ; but all the other Indian nations were opposed to it. They declared that the country where the new house was building belonged to the Senecas.

“ But Governor Burnet then built a fort at Oswego, determined to defend the English traders. This was no sooner done, my children, than the French governor, Beauharnois, sent a written summons to the officers posted there to abandon it.”

“ And did they obey, sir ?”

“ No, no, my lads. Beauharnois then sent a message of complaint to Mr. Burnet.”

“ And what then, Uncle Philip ?”

“ Burnet supported his own officers—said that they were right ; and he, in his turn, complained of the French works at Niagara. There was a cunning Frenchman, by the name of Joncaire, who caused much of this trouble. Colonel Schuyler, my children, made many attempts to get possession of this man, but did not succeed.”

“ He was one of those Frenchmen, I suppose, who travelled among the Indians to make them dissatisfied ?”

“ Yes. But there is another thing about the fort at Oswego which I wish you to remember. Governor Burnet not only built it, but it was erected at his own private expense.”

“ Ah, Uncle Philip, that proves that he loved his country.”

“ I think so ; and the reason why I wish you to remember it is this :—some people have said that Burnet did not love this country, and that he was not a kind and good governor. As we go on, however, I think we shall see more to convince us that this opinion is false.

And now, my children, I will give you a piece of advice, which I hope you will think upon long after Uncle Philip is dead. ‘Always strive to please God, and never study too hard to please men. Men sometimes become tired of an individual who once possessed their love, and frequently without any reason for it; but God never becomes tired of a good man. This was the case with Governor Burnet. Many of the people became displeased; and just think, children, why they were displeased—because Burnet made such preparations for the French—made that law about the French trade, and spent money.”

“But, sir, he spent his own money.”

“Surely he did, but still they were not satisfied; and Mr. Burnet resigned his government in New-York, and went to Massachusetts to take the command there. They thought this a most fortunate event then; but afterward, when the King of France showed plainly that he was their enemy, and that he wished to get possession of a large part of America, they saw their mistake.”

“They wished that Mr. Burnet was back again, I suppose, sir?”

“Indeed, they did. And, as he is now about
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to go to Massachusetts, let me say another thing of him. He was not like so many of the governors who ruled in America—*avaricious*. He did not worship money.”

“ Well, Uncle Philip, I should like to follow him into Massachusetts.”

“ But this, my lad, we cannot do now; but we shall hear of him again. At present, we will stop. The next man that we shall talk about, I think, will be John Montgomery. We will look after him to-morrow. I hope these stories may not prove dull to you. If they do, I will talk about some other subject.”

“ No, Uncle Philip; I learn a great deal by listening, and I am anxious to know something about my own country. Good-by, sir.”

“ Farewell, my young friends.”









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